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THE
CHILDREN'S HISTORY
OF THE
SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

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THE

CHILDREN'S HISTORY

OF THE

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

CHIEFLY COMPILED FROM SEWELL'S HISTORY.

SECOND EDITION.

DUBLIN:
HODGES, SMITH AND CO., 104, GRAFTON STREET,
PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY.

1864

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By Elizabeth Bentham.
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PREFACE.

SEVERAL years ago, and without any intention of publishing them, the contents of this little volume were extracted from "Sewell's History of the Quakers;" and (interspersed with remarks of my own) were written out merely for my own convenience in reading to my children.

At the request of several Friends, I now lay my work before the public, hoping that other children may take as much interest in it as mine did.

To W. Hepworth Dixon, I am indebted for his kind permission to take from his "Life of William Penn," the extracts which have so much enlivened my book.



THE CHILDREN'S HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

CHAPTER I.

COME, my dear children, let us sit round the bright fire, this cold evening, and I will begin for you the History of the People called Quakers, or as we call ourselves, the Society of Friends: for we are, or ought to be, the friends of all mankind.

Do you remember how the Apostle says, in the New Testament, "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." And you may also remember that this Son, our Lord and Saviour, when about to leave the earth, and return to heaven, said to His disciples, "I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Com-

forter, that he may abide with you for ever: even the Spirit of Truth." After our Saviour had ascended to His Father, this Comforter or Spirit of Truth, did come to the disciples, when at the day of Pentecost, "they were all with one accord in one place, and were filled with the Holy Spirit."

You know, too, how, through suffering and persecution, these disciples and apostles travelled about and preached Christ Jesus, the way of salvation: but they have gone to their rest; and during all the centuries that since passed by, the Lord has sent down His Holy Spirit into men's hearts, and often opened their mouths to preach again in His name. Some day I must tell you the stories of some of these also, but just now, we will pass them by, and come to a period rather more than two hundred years ago; a stormy time for Old England, when her people were two centuries less Christian-like and well taught than they are to-day, and civil war distracted the land; when there arose another messenger, named George Fox, the son of a weaver at Drayton in Leicestershire. His parents were religious people (the neighbours use to call his father "righteous Christer," he was so honest and upright), and they had trained him also in piety; so that even when a child, he tried to keep from doing wrong; and afterwards,

when he was apprenticed to a shoemaker (who also dealt in wool and in cattle), he attended diligently to his master's affairs, and they prospered under him.

Meantime he endeavoured yet more and more, to lead such a life as he thought would please his Saviour: and it grieved him much to see people, who professed to be religious, acting in a manner opposed to such a profession. We know, my children, that if we wish to live as our Saviour bade us, we must try to live as he did: to be humble, meek, and self-denying. He did His Father's will, not His own, so we should try to do His will instead of our own, which is very often opposed to His. In the Bible we shall find full and clear directions as to how we should live; and we know that if we try to follow these, and His example, and to draw near to Him, He will draw near to us. How can we draw near to the Lord? Is it not by seeking Him with our *whole heart*? Our hands cannot reach Him nor our eyes see Him, our *spirits* only can approach Him: the soul can send the voice as a messenger to His throne. Our thoughts too, are its messengers they are "heard in Heaven:" and one solitary person, away from all mankind, is able to worship God, "in spirit and in truth," in a manner as acceptable to Him as a whole congregation.

It is within us, then, that we must seek for the Lord's Spirit to come to us: for He can thus visit us now, when it pleases Him, as He did the disciples and apostles formerly. He said, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you." And again, "The Comforter, which is the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you." Now when we want the Lord to shew us the way in which He wishes us to go, we must pray earnestly, sincerely, with our whole heart and soul. This was what George Fox did when he found that no man, whether layman or clergyman, could give his soul any comfort, or help to find either rest or peace.

He could not believe that the ministers of the Church of England, or public preachers of that day, were truly anointed by the Lord for His service: for the mere educating of a young man at the University, and the laying on afterwards of a bishop's hand, could not give the Holy Spirit to any one. The bishop ought first to be qualified to give the blessing, as were the Apostles of old; and the Holy Spirit should come down from the Lord himself into the young man's heart. He can send it into the heart of any of us, whether man or woman, without the laying on of any

bishop's hands, and without any previous education for being a minister. And George Fox then saw (as we, looking back, can now see) that the world had fallen away from the pure doctrine of the Saviour: that the Church was not like that which the Saviour left behind him on the earth: that but few of her bishops, priests, and other ministers, tried to live like the Apostles whom they professed to follow, and whose successors they considered themselves to be. Her glory was departed, she had become contaminated, and mixed up with the things of the world. For a time, indeed, had she remained pure, simple, and holy: but as weeds will spring up, and increase till they overrun the flowers, unless we root them out in time; so, the customs and maxims of the world crept by degrees into the Church of Christ, drawing it away from the simplicity of the Truth: until there stood among men, a church, ruled by laws made by men, governed by bishops and clergy educated by men for the purpose, ordained to their offices by the laying on of men's hands, and their blessings. How could these be truly the ministers of Jesus Christ? or this be His church? He had left her "in the wilderness," poor, indeed, in earthly riches: but she was rich, for her "treasure was in Heaven," and her ministers and members were self-

denying, serving God with their whole mind and strength, "loving their neighbour as themselves," striving to be "perfect, as their Father in Heaven is perfect."

CHAPTER II

GEORGE FOX, in his anxiety of mind, came to some of the Church of England clergymen for advice and consolation: one told him to take a wife; another advised him to enlist as a soldier; another to take tobacco and sing psalms; and another wished to bleed him and give him some physic. No wonder that in weariness of heart, he turned away from all the world, to that Spirit which shows itself in the secret of the soul. He fasted much, and often walked in solitary places, or, taking his Bible with him, he would sit in hollow trees, till night came on; and frequently in the night, he walked mournfully about, being surrounded with many sorrows in the time of these first workings of the Lord in him: not joining any religious body, but giving himself up to the disposing of the Lord, having forsaken not only all evil company, but also taken leave of father, mother, and relatives: he travelled up and down as a stranger on the earth, whichever way he

felt his heart inclined, clothed in a dress made of leather (such as people at that time wore) partly for its simplicity, partly because such clothing was strong, and wanted but little mending or repairing; but everywhere he tried to be alone, that he might seek for heavenly wisdom, be weaned from outward things, and rely wholly on the Lord; and sometimes he felt such heavenly joy, that admiring the love of God to his soul he would say with the Psalmist: "Thou, Lord makest a fruitful field a barren wilderness, and a barren wilderness a fruitful field." And when all his hopes in all men were gone, then he heard, (as he himself says) a voice which said, "There is one, even Christ Jesus, who can speak to thy condition." At this his heart leaped for joy, and he saw why there was no one on earth to speak to him; it was, that he might give all the glory to the Lord alone.

About this time he first began to preach, it was at Duckenfield and Manchester, which places he was visiting, and some people there were so convinced of the truth of what he said, that they took for their rule the inward teaching of the Lord. But it greatly angered some of the preachers of the time, that any of their followers should listen to him, or that it should be supposed that a holy or sinless life could be arrived at in

this world. Yet, though George Fox thus travelled and preached, so that by God's grace, many were brought to repentance, he was himself sometimes under great temptation, without finding any one to speak to, except God alone, to whom he cried for help both night and day. And God did help, and shew him many things, among which, that "there was an ocean of darkness and death, but withal an infinite ocean of light and love, which flowed over the darkness, and was a type of God's love." At length his sorrow began to wear off, so that he could have wept night and day, with tears of joy, in brokenness of heart: "I saw," said he, "into that which was without end, and which cannot be uttered, and of the greatness and infiniteness of the love of God, which love cannot be expressed by words: for I have been brought through the very ocean of darkness and death, and through and over the power of Satan, by the eternal, glorious, power of Christ: even through that darkness was I brought, which covered all the world, which chained down, and shut up all in death."

Once, when George Fox had been imprisoned at Nottingham for preaching in the church, he was brought at night before the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of the town, who examined him, and sent him back to prison. Sometime after John Reckless, the

head sheriff, brought him to his house, and as George Fox entered, the sheriff's wife meeting him in the hall, and taking his hand said, "Salvation is come to our house." For his preaching in the church had so amazed many, that they could not get the sound out of their ears, and not only this woman, but her husband, children, and servants, were much changed by the power of the Lord, so that the sheriff himself, as well as many other persons, began to preach repentance to the people. The magistrate being very angry at this, sent to the house of John Reckless and took away George Fox to prison, where he staid till the assizes came on; when the Judge would have admonished him, had not the sheriff's man been so long in bringing him, that the Judge had arisen before he arrived, so they imprisoned him again, but after a while let him go.

One day he went into a church, and the people fell upon him, striking him down, almost smothering him, and beating him cruelly, with their hands, sticks and Bibles. When he was scarcely able to stand, they drew him out and placed him in the stocks, where he sat some hours, they approaching and menacing him with horsewhips. After a time he was brought before the magistrates at a knight's house, but they, seeing how ill-used he had been, after much threatening, set him

at liberty. The people stoned him out of the town, so that with great difficulty he walked about the distance of a mile, where some kind folks gave him some remedy that relieved his inward bruises. Notwithstanding all this, the Lord soon healed him, he rejoicing meanwhile that some souls had been touched by his preaching that day.

At Market Bosworth he was again stoned out of the town. At Twycross, where he preached, there lay at the point of death a great man of that place, by whose bed-side George Fox prayed, and the Lord hearing, restored the sick man to health. His servant, who had wished for his death, was so angry with George Fox for this, that he attempted to stab him with a rapier, for which his master dismissed the man from his service, and was himself always kind to "Friends," both he and his wife visiting George Fox, on his next visit to Twycross.

CHAPTER III.

ONE day there was a great lecture at Chesterfield, which was attended by many clergymen and officers of the army, George Fox addressed them, they listened quietly, but there came an officer, and took him before the magistrates, who asked why he had come to the assembly; he said, that the Lord had moved him to do so, and that God dwelt not in temples made with hands; that all their preaching, baptism, and sacrifices would never sanctify them; but that they ought to look to Christ within them, and not to men, because Christ alone can sanctify. That they ought not to dispute about God and Christ, but obey Him. This displeased them so, that they several times put him out of the room; at last they asked whether he was sanctified; and when he said "Yes," enquired whether he had no sin? He answered, "Christ my Saviour has taken away my sin, and in Him is no sin." Then they asked how he and his friends knew that Christ was in them. He

said, "By His spirit which he has given us." They asked him if it would be a sin for a man to steal, and a variety of frivolous questions, to which he replied that "all unrighteousness is sin." At last having wearied themselves out, they committed him and another man, as blasphemers to the house of correction in Derby for six months.

And the clergymen exerted themselves to persuade the people that the *Quakers'* doctrines were false.

Would you like to know why they were called Quakers? Here is the reason. Gervas Bennet, an Independent, one of the justices of the peace, who at this time sent the men to prison, hearing George Fox bid him, and those about him, tremble at the name of the Lord! took hold of this, and in a scornful manner called him and his companion, *Quakers!* This new name, of course, spread fast, so that very soon, not only the people but the clergymen, gave no other to those who, till then, had been called "Professors of the Light:" because they spoke and preached of "Christ within:" "the Light that enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world." Thus came to our predecessors a name, by which we are called to the present day.

Many religious professors visited George Fox during his imprisonment at Derby; the gaoler himself was a

high professor, and though he spoke wickedly at first, the Lord touched his heart; and one day George Fox heard him say to his wife: "I have seen the day of judgment, and George was there: I was afraid of him, because I had done him so much wrong, and spoken so much against him in taverns and ale-houses, and to the ministers, professors, and justices." In the evening, he came to George Fox's room, and said, "I have been as a lion against you, but now I come like a lamb; and like the gaoler who came to Paul and Silas trembling: may I sleep in your room?" "I am thy prisoner," answered George Fox, "do as thou wilt." "Nay," he said, "I will have your leave, and I could wish to be always with you, and that you were not a prisoner." So he got leave to remain, and opening his heart to George Fox he told him that he believed all he had heard of the true faith and hope: and that at those times when George Fox had asked leave to preach the Word of the Lord to the people, and having been refused, had laid upon him the weight of the concern; he used to be in great trouble, and almost distracted for some time. Next morning he went to the magistrates, and told them that he and his house had been plagued for George Fox's sake. To which one of the them, named Bennet, answered, "that they too, were

plagued for keeping him." Wishing greatly that the prisoner should take himself away, they gave him leave to walk a mile; but he, perceiving their intentions, told the gaoler, that if they would measure the mile for him, he might sometimes take the liberty of walking it: but he had no mind to be put out that way. And so he remained in prison: where the gaoler's sister used to visit him, and was so touched by what he said to her, that she told her brother, that the Quakers were an innocent people, who did no hurt to any, but good to all, and that he ought to treat his prisoner kindly. The prisoner, meantime, wrote many letters of exhortation to various people and conditions, which contain beautiful and instructive passages, but they are too long to insert here.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE FOX had been sent to the prison at Derby in the Tenth-month, 1650. In 1651, he was still there, and one day a trooper came to him, saying, that while he was in church, listening to the clergyman, there came on his mind exceeding great trouble, and a voice (which he took to be that of the Lord) said to him, "Dost thou not know that my servant is in prison? go to him for direction." George Fox told him that that which shewed him his sins, and troubled him for them, would also shew him his salvation: because that Jesus who shews a man his sin is the same who takes it away. While he spoke, the trooper began to see clearly the truth, and became sensible of God's mercies: and this made him afterwards speak boldly in his quarters among the soldiers and to others about the faith. But having said that his colonel was as blind as Nebuchadnezzar, because he had cast the Lord's servant into prison, this colonel

was so incensed, that when at Worcester fight the two armies lay near each other, and two of the King's army challenged two of the Parliament army to fight them, he made choice of this trooper and another, to answer the challenge; and when they met and fought, and his companion was killed, this trooper drove both his enemies within a musket shot of the town, without firing a pistol at them. Thus he returned victorious, but then he saw the treachery of his colonel, and how wonderfully the Lord had preserved him, and in time becoming sensible that fighting was unlawful for a true Christian, he laid down his arms, henceforth to fight only under the banner of the Prince of peace, by entering into spiritual warfare.

At last they thought of taking George Fox out of prison, and as many new soldiers had been lately raised, the Commissioners wanted to make him captain, the soldiers also cried out that they would have no other; but when he steadfastly refused to fight, or to take the command, the said Commissioners ordered him to be put into the dungeon with rogues and felons, which was accordingly done: and thus he was kept for nearly six months, without a bed to sleep on: now and then they let him walk in the garden, for they knew he would not run away. It was believed that he would never be liberated.

but he, trusting in the Lord, waited patiently, supposing that his work there was not yet over; and so matters were till, as winter approached, they set him free. As he travelled, he came to Beverley, and entering the church, he bade the people turn to Christ Jesus as their teacher. Next day he came to Crantsick, to Captain Pursloe's, who, as he accompanied him to Justice Hotham's, said, that he had known this principle of truth for about ten years, and was glad that the Lord now published it abroad among the people. Just then there came a great woman of Beverley to see the Justice about some business, and she said that on the last Sabbath-day an angel or spirit came into the church at Beverley, and spoke the wonderful things of God, to the astonishment of all there; that when it had spoken, it passed away, none knowing whence it came or whither it went, but it astonished priests and professors, and also the magistrates of the town. When Justice Hotham mentioned this George Fox said that it was he who had so preached; to which the Justice answered, that he was glad the truth was spread, and that so many had received it; for if God had not raised up this principle of light and life, the whole nation would have been overrun with "ranterism," and all the justices in the nation could not have stopped it, with all their

laws; "because," added he, "they would have said as we said, and done as we commanded, and kept their own principles still; but this principle of truth overthrows it and its root."

Now let us speak of some other Quaker preachers. John Audland was a young man of handsome countenance and of amiable disposition. From his youth he was a zealous searcher of the Holy Scriptures, and having a good understanding, and a strong memory, he gathered a treasure of Scripture learning, and became an eminent teacher among the Independents, numbers of whom attended him; until his heart was so touched at George Fox's preaching, that he perceived the emptiness of all his learning, and that his righteousness was but as filthy rags: and he mourned to see that all his wisdom could not bring him true happiness. But the Lord, who breaks not the bruised reed, nor quenches the smoking flax, pitied him in his deep humiliation, and bearing him up by his supporting power, prepared him for his own service.

Another religious man was Francis Howgill; he had seen the superstition of the Episcopal Church, and leaving it, had joined the Independents: but although he who had been trained for the ministry at the University, became a teacher among them, and was zealous

in virtue, yet he remained dissatisfied with himself, finding that notwithstanding all his prayers, fasting and good works, the root of sin still remained within his heart; and feeling that he still sinned, and knowing how it was said, "His servant thou art, whom thou obeyest," he could not realize that "Christ had taken our sins upon himself."

Hearing George Fox preach that the light of Christ in man was the way to Christ, he felt it to be truth; and submitting to the reproofs of this inward light, he saw the unfruitfulness of his own labour; and anguish and sorrow seizing him, set judgment over all his former actions. Resigning himself to the Lord, and saying, "Thou, oh Lord, art just in all thy judgments," it pleased God in due time to fill his heart with joy, and to make him a minister of His everlasting word. Then did the clergy and magistrates, who had formerly loved him, become his enemies, and he was imprisoned at Appleby in Westmoreland, for five years, —at the end of which time, after about nine days illness, he peacefully closed his eyes on the scene of his suffering, to enter into his rest for ever, praising God for the mercies which had been granted him, even in his prison house.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD BURROUGH was born at Kendal in Westmoreland, of a good family, and was trained up in such learning as that country could afford. His knowledge and understanding were beyond his years; even while a boy he had the spirit of a man, and was endued with wisdom above most of his own age. He liked to converse with those who were esteemed for their piety. It was his delight to be exercised in the Holy Scriptures, in which he was well versed. Though a member of the Church of England, he frequented the Presbyterian meetings, thinking their doctrines in many respects nearer the truth: for this his companions reviled him. At seventeen, becoming very sensible of the lost condition of his soul, he was often struck with terror, and sometimes, when praying, heard as it were, a voice saying, "Thou art ignorant of God—thou knowest not where, nor what He is: to what purpose then is thy prayer?" Taking now even more diligent heed to

his life, so that he abstained from all vanities, and when occasion offered, reproved others for their vain conversation and wickedness, though they often derided him for it. Sometimes he felt a refreshing sweetness in his soul, but again he would lose all, and become darkened—having been too ready to flatter himself that “whom God loves once he loves for ever.” While he was in this uncertainty he met with George Fox, and found that his path was to be among the Quakers. For joining them, he was turned out of his father's house, and persecuted by his relations, but bearing all patiently, he continued faithful to the doctrine he had embraced, and became a very eminent minister of the Gospel.

It was at that period the custom of the London tradesmen, in the summer evenings, when their work was over, to meet in the fields outside the city, and amuse themselves by wrestling: many people of course standing round to look at the sport. Now it chanced that Edward Burrough, passing by one of these places, stood still among the spectators, and saw how one strong and dexterous fellow had already thrown three others, and was waiting for a fourth to enter the lists. When no one was bold enough to try, Edward Burrough stepped into the circle, and surprised the wrestler by look-

ing at him with a grave and serious countenance: and then he began to speak very seriously to the standers by, and to preach with such a heart-piercing power, that they all heard him, not only with attention, but admiration, while he called on them to turn from the evil of their ways, and be converted.

Now we will return to George Fox, who coming to Ulverstone, stayed at Judge Fell's house at Swarthmore. The Judge being absent, his wife Margaret entertained George Fox. On First-day morning she wished him to go with her to church, and finding in his own mind that he must go, he entered the church where the people were singing what he thought suited not their states. When they had done, he got leave from the clergyman to speak, and stepping on a form he said that "Christ was the light of the world, and enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world; that by this light they might be gathered unto God; that these were the words of the prophets of Christ, and of the apostles; and that these last enjoyed and possessed this light, having it from the Lord; that this light was needed to explain the Scriptures, and that all ought to come to it, and walk by it."

Then a justice of the peace, called John Sawrey, cried out, "Take him away." But Margaret Fell, who had

been greatly moved by his whole sermon, said to the officers, "Let him alone, why may not he speak as well as any other. And Lampitt, the clergyman, (perhaps to please her), said, "Let him speak." Which he did for a time, but in the end, the constables led him out, and he spoke to the people in the churchyard.

He came again in the evening to the house of Judge Fell, where he spoke to the servants and to some of the family, most of whom received and embraced the truth which he preached. Among these was William Caton, of whom we shall speak again.

Thomas Lawson, the clergyman at Ramside, who was one of the most skilful herbalists in England, told the congregation in the morning, when the service was over, that George Fox would preach in the afternoon, —for which cause a number of people assembled. George Fox ascended the pulpit, and declared with such power the doctrines of truth, that many were convinced of them, even the clergyman himself, who left off preaching for hire, and in process of time, came to declare freely the Lord Jesus Christ, and his glorious gospel.

Judge Fell came home dissatisfied, having heard some-where that the Quakers had bewitched his wife, and turned her away from her religion; and she her-

self felt anxious and distressed, between the fear of offending God, or displeasing her husband.

However, George Fox came in, spoke of Christ, declaring his works and teaching, and that of the apostles; shewed how apostacy had crept in since, and what the modern clergymen were. He answered all the objections of Judge Fell, and so thoroughly satisfied him by the Scriptures, that he too was convinced, and enquired, if he were that George Fox of whom Justice Robinson had spoken with so much praise among the Parliament men. "Yes," said George Fox, "I was with Justices Robinson and Hotham in Yorkshire, and they were very civil and loving to me, and were themselves converted to the truth by the Spirit of God."

Judge Fell was so content at this, that he remained very quiet, and when next day a clergyman came to abuse the Quakers, he would not attend to him: but on the contrary offered his hall to them to hold their meeting in; and though he did not himself join them, yet he loved them, and would attend church no more.

Once at Swarthmore, when George Fox was discoursing with several clergymen, he asked whether any of them had ever heard the voice of God or of Christ, commanding them to go to any people, and

declare the word of the Lord to them. None could say, Yes: and one old man confessed, that he had never heard the voice of God, nor of Christ, but that he had spoken his experiences, and those of the saints of former ages. "Experience," answered George Fox, "is one thing, but to go with a message and to have God's word, as had the prophets and apostles formerly, is quite another." This conversation still more confirmed Judge Fell's idea, that the clergymen were not what they pretended to be, for he, like others, believed them sent from God. And what George Fox said, had such an effect on Thomas Taylor, (the old man named above) that he became a Friend, and went with him to Westmoreland; where in Crosland church this venerable clergyman himself declared to the people, how he had been convinced of the errors in which he and his brethren had walked. This only angered them, and Lampitt, who was among them, being angry at the Quakers holding their meetings in private houses, and leaving the Church, said "they were forsaking the temple, and going to Jeroboam's calves' houses."

CHAPTER VI.

ONCE, at Ulverstone, John Sawrey gave George Fox leave to preach, provided he would do it according to the Scriptures. He agreed to this, saying he would bring Scripture to prove it. Whereupon, Sawrey contradicting himself, said he should not speak; and incensing the people against George Fox, they fell on him, kicking and trampling on him, till Sawrey at last taking him from them, led him out of the church, bidding the constables whip him. He was dragged into the town, given up to the rage of the rude multitude, who beat him so cruelly with staves, that he fainted and fell down on the wet common, but recovering again, and strengthened by an immediate power, he stood up, and stretching out his arm, said in a loud voice, "Strike again, here are my arms, my head, my cheeks!" On which, a mason gave him such a heavy blow over the back of his hand, with a rule, that it was much bruised, and his arm so benumbed that he could not draw it to him

again; on this some of the people cried out, "he has spoiled his hand for ever!" But he, being kept by the love of God, stood still, and after a while felt such an extraordinary strengthening power, that he instantly recovered the use of both hand and arm. Now the people began to quarrel among themselves, and some offered to protect him from the rest, if he would give them money; instead of this, he pointed out to them their false Christianity, telling them that they were more like Jews or heathens, than Christians, and that their fruits were an evidence of the unprofitable ministry of their priests.

After this the clergy, wishing to take his life, charged him with blasphemy, suborning false witnesses to prove it: and there was a warrant out against him. As he and Judge Fell travelled together towards Lancaster, where the sessions were held, the latter said he knew not what he should do when this case came before him. George Fox answered, "When Paul was brought before the rulers, and Jews and priests accused him falsely, he stood still: and when they had done, Felix the governor beckoned to him to speak for himself, and thus thou mayest do by me."

There appeared against him about forty clergymen, who had chosen as witnesses a young clergyman and

the sons of two others. The charges against George Fox were, that he had said, God taught deceit, and the Scriptures contained only a parcel of lies." When the justices had heard these, the witnesses were examined on oath: but they became so confused, and were at such a loss, that one of them, not being able to answer at once the question they asked him, said that the other could say it: "What," said the judges, "have you sworn it, and do you now say, "the other can say it?" it seems you did not yourself hear those words spoken, though you have given it upon your oath. There were several in the court, who declared that they had heard one of the two clergymen's sons say, that if he had power he would take away the prisoner's life. Another witness confessed that he would not have meddled with the matter, had not some one else sent for him, and set him on. After all the accusations had been heard, several men of reputation in the county affirmed in the court, that no such words as had been sworn to were spoken by George Fox; for most of the serious men on that side of the county, who were then at the sessions, had been at the very meeting named by the false witnesses.

Colonel West, a justice of the peace, then upon the bench, declared that he blessed God who had healed

him that day (for he had been long ill) for that he had never seen so many honest people, and so many good faces together in his life: and turning to the prisoner he said, "George, if thou hast anything to say to the people, thou mayest freely declare it." Soon after George Fox began to speak, Marshal, the orator for the clergy went away. The preacher went on to say that the Holy Scriptures were given forth by the Spirit of God, that all people must first come to His Spirit in themselves, whereby they may know God, and Christ, of whom the prophets and apostles learned; and must also know the Holy Scriptures. For, as the Spirit of God was in those who gave them forth, so the same Spirit must also be in those who come to understand the Scriptures: and that by this Spirit they may have fellowship with the Father, with the Son, and with one another. For without this Spirit they could know neither God nor Christ, nor understand the Scriptures, nor have right fellowship with one another."

At this, a clergyman named Jackus cried out, that the Spirit and the letter were inseparable. "If such were the case," said George Fox, "You might buy the Spirit with the Bible." "Yes," added Judge Fell, and Colonel West, "and carry it in your pocket with the Scriptures: prove your words, Jackus." But he wished

to deny his words; and he and the rest tried to put another interpretation on them; to which the judges would not agree; and perceiving that envy had set them on as well as the witnesses, they discharged George Fox, and granted a supersedeas, to stop the warrant which was out against him.

But his enemies being very angry, complained of him to Judge Windham, at the following assizes at Lancaster, and he commanded Colonel West (the clerk of the assizes) to issue a warrant for his apprehension. Instead of this the clerk boldly defended George Fox, declaring him to be innocent. "Either write a warrant, or leave your seat," said the Judge. "Nay," said Colonel West, "I will not do it, but I will offer up all, both my estate and myself for George Fox." So the Judge was silenced, and George Fox went away safe and unharmed though his friend Colonel West and Judge Fell told him that in coming to Lancaster at that time, he went into the dragon's mouth.

A while after this hearing Judge Fell and Justice Benson conversing about the Parliament, he told them that before that day two weeks the Parliament should be broken up and the speaker plucked out of his chair. Which really happened; for at the breaking up of Parliament, the Speaker being unwilling to rise from his

seat, said that he would not come down unless he were forced to: which made General Harrison reply, "Sir, I will lend you my hand," whereupon taking him by the hand, the Speaker came down.

One time at Cockermouth, George Fox found James Lancaster preaching under a tree, which was so full of people that it was in danger of breaking: he looked about for a place to stand, that he too might address them and being asked to go into the Church he assented; the people then rushed in so fast that he could scarcely make his way through, so great was the crowd: he preached for about three hours, and that day were several hundreds convinced of the truth.

In the church at Carlisle he preached one day, after the clergyman, so powerfully, that the congregation trembled, and thought that the church shook also, and would have fallen on their heads. Soon after this, he was again imprisoned, and one day as he took in some food brought by his friends to the window, the gaoler began beating him with a great cudgel: while the prisoner, feeling his soul filled with joy, began to sing, still further irritating the angry gaoler, who brought up a fiddler to drown the singing, but the prisoner's hymn rose above the music, confusing the fiddler, who left off, and departed.

Thomas Briggs went through cities, towns, and villages, calling aloud, "Repent, repent! for the mighty and terrible day of the Lord God of power is appearing, wherein no worker of iniquity shall stand before Him, who is of purer eyes than to behold sin: He wills not the death of a sinner, and if ye repent and turn to Him He will abundantly pardon." Frequently he was most cruelly abused: at Lynn, where he warned the people to repent, a great mastiff was set upon him, but when the dog came near, it fawned on him. And though swords were drawn against him, and axes raised to hew him down, yet he went on, sometimes through five or six towns in a day; speaking so awfully, that even some who did not see his face, were converted, being reached by the Power that accompanied him. Coming to Clanzons in Wales, and many people hearing him attentively, the constable stirred up some of the others, and cried, "Kill him! kill him!" throwing upon him such great stones, that he was astonished that they did not kill him: but he was preserved by such a mighty power, that, as he said, they only felt to him like a nut or a bean. He met with many other rude encounters, but was so wonderfully preserved in the greatest dangers, that his belief was not a little strengthened, that God, who so miraculously saved him, did

require this service of him. He afterwards visited America, and died at a good old age, having laboured in the Lord's service for above thirty years.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE of the first zealous preachers among the Quakers was Miles Halhead. When preaching at Skipton in Yorkshire, he was so sorely abused and beaten, that he was left for dead; nevertheless, by the Lord's power, he was healed of all his bruises, and within three hours he was healthy and sound again, to the astonishment of those who had hurt him, and to the conversion of many. And some time after, when preaching at Doncaster it happened the same way, for the people and their clergyman beat him, and left him for dead; but he, who had felt sure that the Lord would keep him in all dangers, got up and went to a friend's house, where he lay down on a bed. A while after, feeling that he must go to the church to preach, and that if he did so, God would heal him, he arose with extreme difficulty, and walking with much pain, got down stairs. As he proceeded, the pain lessened, and on

his return after preaching, he was healed of all his bruises.

Now Miles Halhead's wife could not at first understand why her husband should leave his home, to travel about so much; for her soul was not yet converted to see that God had taught him His will, and was sending him to labour in His vineyard. And one night, while she lay repining at his absence, she heard within herself a voice say, "why art thou so discontented concerning thy husband? I have called, and chosen him for my work, my right hand shall uphold him: therefore be thou content and pleased that he serve me, and I will bless thee and thy children for his sake, and all things shall prosper that thou takest in hands. But if thou wilt not be content, but grudge and murmur and repine against me, and my servant whom I have chosen to do my work, I will bring a greater cross upon thee." These words being in her mind, she frequently thought within herself—"What cross can be greater than the loss of my husband, what can this be!" And being still unhappy, she had no pleasure in anything but her little boy, who, when she wept, would put his arms round her neck, saying, "My dear mother pray be content, for my father will come home in a little time." But it pleased God to

take this comfort from her, when she continued so dissatisfied; and then recollecting the warning voice, she saw how the Lord had brought upon her a greater cross, and bowing her will to His, she entreated that He would help her to be satisfied with His ways, and to be resigned at His taking her husband to be His labourer.

Ten years afterwards, while Miles Halhead travelled as a minister in Devonshire, he was brought before the magistrates, who demanded what business he, who lived in Westmoreland, had there? He answered that he came to see some old friends, with whom he had formerly been acquainted.

“ Their names ? ”

“ Sir John Coplestone, who had been high sheriff of Devonshire; John Page, formerly mayor of Plymouth; Justice Howel, who had been judge of the sessions at Exeter; and Colonel Buffet, also at that time a justice.”

“ Truly gentlemen,” said one magistrate to the others, “ though this man calls them his friends, yet were they his persecutors.”

“ These gentlemen,” said another, “ have fallen into a pitiful condition, and have lost their estates. Colonel Buffet was imprisoned for high treason, but escaping, he fled the country. These men were your

persecutors, but will be so no more; and if those who thus trouble you have no better fortune than they, I wish that neither I, nor any of my friends may meddle with you."

Having finished their narration, these discreet magistrates dismissed their prisoner, who travelled both in Ireland and Scotland; and in the year 1673, being at Plymouth, he went to visit General John Lambert, who was condemned to perpetual imprisonment on a little island near Plymouth, to which Miles Halhead crossed over, and though there was a strong guard of soldiers, he got in, and spent some time in preaching to, and conversing with, this old general of Cromwell; and also with his wife and daughters, who resided there with him.

And now we must go back to the year 1654, when one of the Independent preachers, in Scotland, whose name was Alexander Hamilton, had, with his wife and children, left his own church. A teacher, named Thomas Chartres, wishing to bring him back, but being unable, threatened to excommunicate the whole family.

Hamilton said, "I warn thee to forbear, lest the anger of God seize on thee."

"It is only Alexander Hamilton that saith so," answered the angry teacher.

"The Lord bade me speak thus," was Hamilton's only reply. Two days before the time fixed for the excommunication, Chartres went into the churchyard, where his horse was feeding, and was about to stroke him, when the animal kicked him so violently in the side, that he died at the very hour at which he intended to excommunicate Hamilton.

Up to this period the number of the Quakers had greatly increased. Many religious people who had searched all professions, and found no satisfying food for the craving of their souls, perceiving that the preaching of the Quakers directed them to God's light, which might be found in the secret of their hearts, took heed thereto; and found that, with the Lord's help, it was the way to gain the victory over the sin and corruption of their own minds, under which they had so long laboured: many others joined, who being pricked to the heart, were attracted by the Christian patience of the despised Quakers, and became as zealous in doing good, as they had formerly been in working evil.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN the beginning of this year Oliver Cromwell, having now the supreme authority in the nation, required that both soldiers and others should take the oath of fidelity. There were among the soldiers many Quakers, who had no convenient way to leave the service until now; and when the oath was tendered them, they declared that, in obedience to Christ's command, they could not swear, at which they were disbanded.

This year too, Anthony Pearson, Francis Howgill, and Edward Burrough, going up to London, held their first meeting there, in the house of Robert Dring, in Watling-street. A few Friends used to meet there before, but these men seized every opportunity to spread the Gospel: and Francis Howgill, even went to court to speak to Oliver Cromwell: he also wrote him a letter, saying, that if he did not strive to keep the Lord's commandment, and walk in his ways, God, who had raised

him up to his high position, that he might conquer evil, would surely pull him down again. Some of Cromwell's servants became Friends, and joined the meeting in London.

About this time, as George Fox was preaching at Drayton, his native place, the clergymen interrupted him, and a man named Stevens said,

"If I be in the wrong way, George shall pray for me; if I be right, I will pray for him, and give him a form of words to pray by."

"It seems," said George Fox, "that thou dost not know whether thou art in the right way or not; but I know that I am in the everlasting way, Christ Jesus. Wouldst thou give me a form of words, while thou deniest the prayer book: and to pray by a set form, is it not to deny the Apostle's doctrine, and practice of praying, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

At this some laughed, but others were grave and serious; and George Fox's father, who was present, though he was no Quaker, striking his cane on the ground, exclaimed, "Truly I see that the truth will carry him through, who stands by it."

Soon after this, some troopers of Colonel Hacker's regiment took George Fox at Leicester, and brought him before their Colonel, with whom were, at the time,

the mayor and captain of the regiment. They spoke about priests, and meetings, and a rumour that was then abroad, of a plot to kill Cromwell; but the prisoner spoke of the "Light of Christ, which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world."

"Was it that light," said the colonel, "that made Judas betray his Master, and afterwards hang himself."

"No," said George Fox, "It was the spirit of darkness, which hated Christ and His light."

"Go home," said Colonel Hacker, and keep at home, and go no more abroad to meetings."

"Nay," answered George Fox, "but I am an innocent man, and free from all plots, nor do I ever join in such."

"Father," said Needham Hacker, "this man hath reigned too long, it is time to have him cut off."

"Will you go home and stay there?" asked the Colonel again.

"That," said George Fox, "would imply that I were guilty of some wrong act, and made my house my prison; and besides I must attend our place of worship, and go where God calls me."

"Well, I will send you to my Lord Protector, before six o'clock to-morrow morning, by Captain Drury, one of his life guards."

Next morning before he left with Captain Drury, George Fox went to Colonel Hacker, and prayed by his bedside, that he might be forgiven, for he was incited to this by other people; "and yet," he said, "remember my words, when the day of thy misery and trial shall overtake thee."

I wonder whether he did remember them, when in the year 1660 he was sentenced to be hanged and quartered at Tyburn, for high treason.

Captain Drury having arrived in London, with his prisoner, went and gave an account of him to Cromwell, and returning to George Fox, he said:

"The Protector doth require you to promise, to take up no sword or weapon against him, or the present Government, and this you shall write, and set your hand thereto."

So the prisoner wrote to the Protector, declaring that he would wear, or draw no sword against him, or any man, for that he was sent by God to bear witness against all violence; and to try to turn people from darkness to light.

This being signed, Captain Drury gave it to Cromwell, who ordered George Fox himself to be brought, though it was very early, and Cromwell himself was not yet dressed.

The prisoner entering said, "Peace be in this house, keep thou in the fear of the Lord, that He may give thee wisdom, which shall guide thee, and by which thy affairs may be guided to His glory."

They conversed for some time on religious affairs, and when George Fox was departing, Cromwell caught him by the hand, and begged of him to come again to his house.

Captain Drury said, as he accompanied him out, "The Lord Protector gives you leave to go where you will."

They entered a great hall, and George Fox was invited to dine with the other officers and gentlemen, but this he refused to do: and Cromwell hearing it, said, "Now I see there is a people arisen, whom I can neither win by gifts, honours, or places, though all others I can."

"It is not likely," was the answer, "that the Quakers, who have forsaken their own, will look for such things from others."

One day Captain Drury came and told George Fox, that as he was resting on his couch, a sudden trembling seized him, and so shook him that he could not rise: he felt that it was the hand of God, and believed that he was thus punished because of all he had said and

done against the Quakers, and falling off the bed, upon his knees, he cried to the Lord that he would do so no more.

The Friends' meetings in London were at this time so large, that George Fox used to find great difficulty in getting to and from them, so much were their numbers increasing; and many of the gentlemen of Cromwell's court were in the habit of attending them.

Now we will speak of William Caton, who, when he was about fourteen years of age, had been placed by his father at Swarthmore, and was so much liked by Judge Fell's family, that he became, both by day and night, the constant companion of the eldest son.

They went hunting, shooting, and fishing together, partook of the same amusements, and eat at the same table, so that William Caton might well rejoice, that Providence had cast his lot among such people, for not only Judge Fell, but his wife and daughters, were well educated and accomplished; and the young man in such company grew up in piety, and was very zealous in performing his private devotions, often staying in his bed-chamber after the Judge's son had gone down stairs, that he might more freely pour out his heart in prayer to God. At fifteen, if he had been at a lecture, he would, on his return, write down the chief heads of

it; for those who could repeat the sermons, and paraphrase on them, were held in esteem by the family; but William Caton found that all he reaped thereby, could not satisfy the hunger and thirst of his immortal soul.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was in the year 1652, about mid-summer, that George Fox came first to Judge Fell's house, and preached that men should give heed to the Light, with which Jesus Christ hath enlightened us, and which, shining in our hearts, convinces of sin and evil. This struck William Caton, and he saw that a true Christian must be weaned from all vanity, and even from amusements: and Margaret Fell, perceiving the change in him, kept him more than ever at home, to write for her, and to teach her children.

More and more he became strengthened in spiritual warfare, and at the age of seventeen his heart was often filled with joy, because of God's loving-kindness to him.

He used to go to market places, and places of public worship, and warn people to repentance, and was often

beaten, and despised because of his youth, yet he fainted not; and believing it his duty to labour in the ministry of the Gospel, he desired to fulfil it.

Judge Fell was very unwilling to part with him, but Margaret, though she could badly spare him, yet gave him up freely, and persuaded her husband to let him go, believing that God required his service. So, with tears on both sides, he left Swarthmore, and travelled much through England, preaching; accompanied by John Stubbs, a man skilled in Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and some of the Oriental languages, who had been one of Cromwell's soldiers, and who, while George Fox lay in Carlisle prison, had been converted by his preaching.

They did not escape persecution, and in one place were stripped, put in the stocks, and beaten severely.

Before William Caton again visited Holland, he went to preach in Sussex, but the people being very riotous, came up the house with a drum, in such a manner as if they would pull the house down, but William Caton came to the door, asking what they wanted. "Quakers," they shouted. "I am one," he said, and spoke to them with such plainness and power, that fear fell upon them, and they withdrew with shame and confusion.

In the year 1663 he brought his Dutch wife over

to England, whence she returned in a while with Judith Zinspenning (William Sewel's mother).

William Caton embarked at Scarborough to follow them, but a fearful storm arose; the ship was tossed about till she leaked so much, that even with unceasingly pumping, she could scarcely be kept dry, and at last, not obeying her rudder, they were driven among sands and shallows, and death seemed near.

Now William Caton, who had worked hard at the pumps also, believing his end near, yet called upon the Lord, that if it were His will, they might be delivered; and when the storm was at the highest, his prayer was heard, the tempest suddenly ceased, and the wind died away, and all praised God for His wonderful mercy.

They entered Yarmouth harbour, and on the first day of the week, as William Caton was at meeting on shore, he was, with seven others, taken, and imprisoned for six months. So that it was not till the following year that he returned to Amsterdam, where he afterwards resided.

He used to visit in the prisons there some English prisoners of war, and often sent them food. One of the Admiralty officers being offended at his not taking off his hat to him, tried to stop this; but when William

Caton complained of it, Lord Cornelius Van Vlooswyh (a burgomaster of the city), himself accompanied Caton to the prison, and commanded the officer to let him visit there whenever he chose.

William Caton died at Amsterdam, in December, 1665, after all these years of travelling and preaching. During his first visit to this city he was imprisoned, and then sent by an English man-of-war back to London. He suffered greatly in this ship, the seamen being very unkind, not even allowing him a piece of sail-cloth to lie on, so that he had to sleep on the bare deck in cold and stormy November weather.

CHAPTER X.

JAMES PARNELL was born at Retford, in Nottinghamshire; he was well educated, and having been converted by George Fox's ministry, became himself a preacher at the age of sixteen, though his relations rejected and despised him for it. Yet he laboured zealously, being endued with great ability, fearing not, wherever he was, to call men to repentance. For this he was first imprisoned at Cambridge, and then turned out of the town like a vagabond; nor did he meet with a much better reception when, after a time, he returned to hold religious discussions with the students.

Two years after, as he travelled through Essex, he preached one Sunday in a church at Colchester, after the sermon; then again in a great meeting appointed for the purpose, and in the afternoon he disputed with the town lecturer, and another priest in the French

school; so that in this one day many were convinced of the truth, among whom was Stephen Crisp, a man of great natural talents, and zealous for religion.

When he heard of the Quakers, he made enquiry about them and their doctrine, and though he heard nothing but evil spoken of them, even that made some impression on him, when he considered that it had generally been the lot of the people of God to be derided, hated, slandered, and persecuted. But it seemed to him a great error that they believed that sin might be overcome in this life: and when James Parnell came to Colchester, he armed himself with arguments to oppose him earnestly, looking on him as only a youth, over whom he could easily prevail. He himself was then about twenty-seven years of age, well versed not only in sacred writ, but also in the writings of many of the ancient philosophers.

After hearing Parnell preach very powerfully, and finding his words more piercing than he had imagined, he ventured to oppose him with some queries; but Stephen Crisp soon found that all his wisdom and knowledge could not resist the truth which Parnell held forth. And now, thinking himself enriched by this, he made it his business, for a month or two, to defend by the strength of his reason the truth he had

embraced; but this he found insufficient, for self was not subdued under the cross, and he had not yet arrived at an experimental knowledge of what he asserted and defended with words.

In this condition he saw that he must become truly poor in spirit, if he wished God to enrich him with heavenly wisdom. This brought him to mourning and sorrow, by which he came more and more to be weaned from his natural knowledge, in which he formerly delighted; and continuing faithful in self-denial, he at length began to enjoy peace in his mind, and to advance in virtue till he became an eminent minister of the Gospel.

He, too, shared the persecutions of the people he had joined, and was imprisoned for some time at Ipswich, in the year 1668, where many visited, and were converted by him.

He died, near London, in the year 1692. Four days before his death, he said to George Whitehead, "I see an end of mortality, yet cannot come at it; if the Lord but say the word, it is done; there is no cloud in my way, and I have full assurance of my peace with Christ Jesus."

His ministry was acceptable to all, because he had a gift beyond many; and besides being sound in doc-

trine and judgment, was grave and elegant in his utterance, and well qualified to convince and to touch his hearers to the heart.

We must now return to James Parnell, whom we left at Colchester, where he spent a week preaching. Many were convinced, and others enraged, insomuch, that once as he came out of St. Nicholas' Church, he was struck with a great staff by a man, who said,

"There, take that for Christ's sake!"

"Friend," he answered meekly, "I do receive it for Jesus Christ's sake."

Many other grievous affronts he bore, without shewing any anger. From this he went to Coggleshall, where a fast had been proclaimed, on the 12th July, "to pray against the errors of the people called Quakers."

James Parnell entered the church, and stood still till the clergyman came out of the pulpit. This man, named Sammes, had cried out fiercely against the Quakers as deceivers, to which James Parnell thought it his duty to reply, so he began thus:—

"The order of the true Church is, that all may speak, one by one, and that if anything be revealed to him that stands by, the first shall hold his peace."

Then he spoke on behalf of the Quakers, but the clergyman interrupting him, asked,

“What objection have you against me?”

“Because,” said James Parnell, “thou said that they were built on a sandy foundation, and were shakers, and hast otherwise reviled them; but I will prove that their foundation is not sandy, and thee to be a false prophet.”

Then some accused the Quaker of owning no church, which he said was false.

“What church, then?” they asked.

“The Church in God.”

“This,” said Sammes, “is nonsense, to say the church *in* God.”

Upon which Parnell took out his Bible, and read in 1 Thess. i. 1, where the apostle writes to the “church which is *in* God the Father.”

The clergyman being at a loss, another, named Stellum, rose, and accused Parnell of lying and slandering, and without allowing him to defend himself, went into the pulpit, and began to pray.

Parnell left the church, and Justice Dionysius Wakering followed him, and striking him on the back with his hand, said,

“I arrest you in the name of the Lord Protector.”

"Where is thy writ?" asked Parnell, not knowing him to be a justice.

"I have it," said Wakering, showing him none however.

Parnell was seized, hurried into a house, and for that time released on his friends' promise that he would return: so he reappeared where four justices and six or seven clergymen were met together.

Justice Wakering pulled off Parnell's hat and threw it away. He answered all their questions, though they tried to ensnare him; but in the end he was committed to Colchester gaol, where none of his friends were allowed to see him.

At the time of the sessions at Chelmsford, he, with several felons and murderers, was fastened to a chain, and thus led about eighteen miles through the country, remaining chained both night and day.

Being brought into court before Judge Hills, the gaoler took off his hat, and threw it on the floor. The clerk read his indictment, and asked him if he were guilty?

He answered, "No; where are my accusers?"

"You may see them," said the judge, "but you ought to say 'guilty,' or 'not guilty.'"

"Not guilty," said the prisoner.

Then a jury of twelve men was called, the foreman being a drunkard. Willis, the clergyman, was also called: he and the justices swore against Parnell, and that they would speak nothing but the truth.

The accusations were—that in a riotous manner he did enter the parish church of Great Coggleshall, did stand up and tell the minister that he had blasphemed, and spoken falsely, using many other reproachful words against him, and that he could not give a satisfactory account of himself, appearing to be an idle person. They also accused him of contempt of the magistracy and ministry.

To this he answered, that he had gone quietly into the church, having even made several boys who joined him outside, go in first, lest any disturbance should be made.

He related the conversation between himself and the clergyman, but still the judge said to the jury that if they did not find him guilty, the sin would lie on their own heads, thus condemning him before the jury had considered the case; and though they wished to hear the account from his own lips, the judge would not let him speak.

The jury, after consultation, had nothing to lay to his charge, except a paper, in which he had answered

the mittimus, though he had already acknowledged this to be his own.

They ended in fining him £40, and sent him back to prison.

This was an old ruinous castle, built, they say, at the time of the Romans; here he was to be kept till the fine was paid, and the gaoler was desired to let "no giddy-headed people" near him.

This the gaoler was quite willing to do, for both he and his wife were very unkind. She used to beat the prisoner, and swear that she would have his blood; she also set the other prisoners to take away the food brought him by his friends, and would not let him have the bed they offered him, but made him lie on the cold damp stones.

They put him to sleep in a hole in the wall, which was like a baker's oven, as our ancient chronicler has it, "For the walls of that building, which is indeed a direful nest, are of excessive thickness, as I have seen myself, having been in the hole where this pious young man ended his days. Being confined in the said hole, which was, as I remember, about twelve feet high from the ground, and the ladder too short by six feet, he must climb up and down by a rope on a broken wall, which he was forced to do to get his victuals; for, though his friends

would have given him a cord and basket, by which to draw up his food, such was the malice of his keepers, that they would not suffer it."

Continuing in this damp place, his limbs grew benumbed; and it once happened, that as he came to the top of the ladder, with his basket of food in one hand, and was reaching for the rope with the other, he missed it, and fell down upon the stones, being much wounded in the head, and so bruised in body, that he was taken up for dead.

Then, as there were two rows of these holes in the wall, they put him into a lower one, called the oven, and indeed it was not so large as some ovens. Here, when the door was shut, there was scarcely any air, there being neither window nor hole in the wall. Nor would they suffer him (when he had a little recovered from his fall), to take the air, though some of his friends offered a bond of forty pounds to the justice; and one said he would remain in James Parnell's place while he went to a friend's house to recover. No; they would not even let him into a little yard adjoining his prison; and once, when the door was open and he walked into it, between its two high walls, the gaoler was so angry, that he locked him out that long cold winter's night.

No wonder that ten or eleven months of such cruel

usage should weaken the young man, till he fell sick and died. Two of his friends were with him when his eyes closed on the scene of his sufferings, and he prayed them not to hold him, but to let him go. He had often said that one hour's sleep would cure him, and now he said to Thomas Shortland—

“This death must I die, Thomas; I have seen great things; don't hold me, let me go. Anne Langley, wilt thou hold me?”

“No, dear heart,” she said, “we will not hold thee.”

Once more he spoke, saying, “Now I go,” and stretching himself out, he slept about an hour, and then quietly breathed his last.

From his wearisome prison he wrote several epistles to his friends, exhorting them to serve and follow the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

CHAPTER XI.

AND now it is the year 1665; Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill have been desired to quit Ireland (after six months' preaching there), for the Lord Deputy, Henry Cromwell, will not suffer it longer. They have converted many; among these William Ames, a Baptist teacher, and also a military officer, who had always led a very strict life himself, and striven to make his soldiers do the same. Being now converted however, he became a minister of the Gospel, and travelled about preaching, receiving also his share of persecution and imprisonment. He was both at Amsterdam and other Dutch cities, and in the year 1659, being at Heidelberg, he was kindly received by the Prince Elector, Charles Lodowich, who entertained him at his own table, and took no offence at William Ames's keeping his hat on.

Baron Helmont, who was at that court, used to tell

afterwards, that Ames, once walking next the prince in the garden, and with his hat on, the courtiers asked the prince whether they should speak to Ames for his incivility, but the prince said, "No, for I did expect that." At another time the prince made his chaplain and Ames both dine with him, on purpose that Ames might find occasion to reprove the chaplain. And the prince allowing the jester to play tricks, the chaplain said nothing; but Ames, who loved gravity and disliked jesting, reproved such vain actions, and aiming his reproofs at the chaplain, greatly pleased the prince.

While William Ames stayed at the Palatinate he got acquainted with the Baptists at Kriesheim, near Worms. Many of these received his doctrine, and long after went to America, and settled in Pennsylvania; guided, doubtless, by Providence, for soon after their going a war arose in Germany, by which the whole Palatinate was laid waste by the French, and thousands of people bereft of their possessions, and reduced to poverty.

The people in the Palatinate gave ear to William Ames's preaching, and a fine was laid upon those that entertained him; but when the Prince Elector heard of it, he took off that fine, and both he and his sister were very kind to him, and again received him gladly, when a year after he revisited the place.

It was in this year, too, that at Rotterdam, William Ames was shut up in Bedlam for three weeks, for this cause: he had been at the house of a cooper, named Martin Martinson, in a village called Moordrecht, to hold a meeting (the cooper having some time before become a Friend), but a multitude assailed the house; and as Ames was crossing the water to Gouwerek, he was pursued by a riotous mob of old and young, shouting, "Quake, Quake, Quake," and pelting him with stones and clods, till their own preacher came down and asked what was the matter.

"It seems," says Ames, "that the people are not taught better."

"They are not used," returned the preacher, "to make such ado against honest people; but I believe you to be a wolf coming among the sheep, and therefore they cry so."

"Prove this," said Ames; and going his way, he wrote soon after from Rotterdam to Martin, to get the preacher to appoint a time to prove that Ames was a deceiving wolf. The preacher was not very willing to do this; however, being pressed, he fixed the time to be Sunday forenoon, after sermon, when he would prove it before all the people.

Martin sent word to Ames, but the preacher managed

matters so, that both Ames and Martin were taken and locked up in Bedlam. And when they had been there for three weeks, the deputy governor gave them leave to go, for the doors were open; but they refused, without an order from the Dikegrave. When the deputy did afterwards let them go, he begged them to say that they had gone without his knowledge; but William Ames would rather have died than told a lie.

"For," says William Sewell, "in such a case he was, without question, of the same mind as formerly was Christian Languedul (my grandmother's uncle), who, when at Antwerp, he with other martyrs was led to the stake to be burnt, cried out undauntedly, 'If we would once but have told a lie, we might have escaped this.'"

William Ames and Martin both went to the Dikegrave, and told him how they got out, adding that it must not be said they had broken prison.

"That would have been said," answered the Dikegrave, "if you had not told me, for the deputy said you got out by breaking a window."

After conversing with them, he said, "I have nothing to object to in you, neither do I wish to persecute you, but are you willing to return to Bedlam?"

They answered, "We stand here before thee; do with us according to thy pleasure."

He said it was his wish, and he let them walk in the gallery for a time, and then locked them up, each in a hole by himself. They were often visited, and sometimes only to be scoffed at. One clergyman said that Ames was a deceiver, because he wore pewter buttons, to make people believe they were silver. At last he was set free and returned to England, where, in the year 1662, he almost died in Bridewell (in London). They liberated him because he really belonged to Amsterdam, where, being a wool-comber, he spent most of his time, and where, in the end of this year, he died from the hardships he had undergone during that imprisonment. During his illness he was told that he had changed his religious opinions, but he said, "It was not so," and died in peace.

CHAPTER XII.

ON the day that Edward Burrough and Francis Howgill were banished from Ireland, Barbara Blaugdone arrived there.

She sailed from England in a vessel bound for Cork, but stormy weather drove them into Dublin.

The sailors declared that the Quaker was the cause of the tempest, and wanted to throw her overboard. Knowing of their plot she told the captain, and said that if they did so, her blood would be required at his hands ; so he charged them not to meddle with her.

On the first day of the week, in the midst of the storm, she went on deck, and preached to the seamen, then prayed for them. The whole crew were very quiet and sedate, saying that they owed more to her than to the clergyman, because she prayed for them, while he, through fear, could not open his mouth to speak. And when they at last arrived safe in Dublin,

the captain declared that he had never been in such a storm before without receiving some damage.

When Barbara Blaugdone landed, she went to the Lord Deputy's house to see him; this his attendants strove to prevent: and they brought her into a drawing-room, where all stood uncovered but one gentlemen.

As she still kept silence, they asked her why she did not give her message to Henry Cromwell; but she having a feeling that he was not present, said,

“When I see your lord I shall give him my message.”

He came in soon after, and she warned him not to fight against the innocent, but like Gamaliel, to let them alone, for if their work were of God it would stand; if of man, it would fall. Having said more than this she left him: and heard afterwards at Captain Rich's house, that the Deputy had become so serious, that he would join in no games or pastimes.

She next visited Cork, where she had some relations and friends, but her sufferings there were great. She was several times imprisoned, and once as she preached in the market place, a butcher swore that he would kill her, and had lifted up his cleaver above her head, when there came a woman behind him, who caught his arms, and held them till the soldiers came and

rescued Barbara. From Cork she returned home to Bristol, but soon after she set out to revisit Ireland, and near Dungarvan the ship foundered. The master and the passengers got into the boat, except one man and a woman who were cast away, while Barbara, who remained in the cabin, was nearly stifled by the waves beating in upon her; at length, however, she got up on the deck. The master having landed, called to her, that if she would leap into the water, he and another would venture in, and bring her ashore. Accordingly they went in, up to their necks, and she leaped down; they caught her, but as she became entangled in the ropes, she was drawn away from them again, and a wave rolling in, beat the ship out to sea; then they caught her again, and all three came safe to land.

In Dublin she was imprisoned, till her friends, Sir William King, Colonel Fare, and Lady Brown, caused her to be released. Soon after, in Limerick, she was again put in gaol, and when she got out and sailed for England, a privateer boarding the ship robbed her of all she had, and took away the captain, till he should pay a sum of money for the ship and goods. She however came safe to England, bringing Barbara Blaugdone home, after all her adventures.

When Barbara was young, she had been a governess, and had become a Friend on hearing John Audland and John Camm preach, for which her pupils were taken from her ; and she was often in gaol for three months at a time. Once as she came from meeting in Bristol, she was nearly killed by a man, who stuck a knife into her side ; she was imprisoned at Marlborough for six weeks, and when they released her, she went to Isaac Burges (the man who had committed her), and discoursed with him until he became converted to the Truth, though he said he could not take up the cross so far as to walk like the Quakers ; but he was ever after kind to them, and never persecuted them again.

While she was in Devonshire, she visited the family of the future Earl of Bath (for she had been intimate with them before, and often spent much time with them in the days of her gaiety), but now she came to warn them to leave off the vanities of the world. She asked for the lady of the house. One of the servants who knew her sent her to a back door, saying that the lady would come out that way to go to the garden. When Barbara reached the place, a great mastiff was set at her ; he came fiercely towards her, but suddenly turning round, limped away, crying, while Barbara saw the hand of God in this escape.

The lady came, listened, thanked her for her exhortation, but did not ask her in, though she had often before been her guest.

Then she was in prison in Exeter for some time, and shut up among a great company of gipsies, with whom she was afterwards turned out. Many other imprisonments and sufferings she underwent, but she continued a fearless and zealous preacher of the Truth.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN the year 1656, James Nayler, an eminent and gifted preacher among the Quakers, was by unwatchfulness led away from the humility that belongs to Christ's minister, to a height of self esteem, which, in the end, brought him down with remorse and agony of mind to the foot of the cross: but it pleased God to receive his repentance, to raise him up again, and to cause him to abhor his sins.

He had been imprisoned both for his preaching and (the Judges said) for blasphemy; and in punishment, on the 18th December, was made to stand for two hours with his head in the pillory, in the Palace Yard, Westminster; then they stripped him, and having tied him to the back of a cart, gave him three hundred and ten stripes, as he walked from the Palace Yard to the Old Exchange. The sheriff's foot slipped, as he was about to give him another, and the blow falling on his

own hand, hurt him much. The prisoner suffered with great patience; his feet were cut by the horses treading upon them, and those who washed his wounds, said that there was not an inch breadth of his back or arms free from cuts and blood; so weak was he that the rest of the sentence could not be carried out on the 20th, as appointed, and in the meantime many exerted themselves to raise a petition for its remission: but in vain, for on the 27th, bound at the pillory as before, his forehead was burned, and his tongue bored through, with a red hot iron.

It is certain, however, that he came to great sorrow and true repentance; and so, as God forgives the sinner, James Nayler's friends could not refuse to forgive, and to receive him again, the lost and found. At the end of the year 1660 he died in Huntingdonshire, in the hope of a happy awakening in the world to come.

Now let us see how the Quakers were received in America by the Independents, who themselves had fled thither to avoid persecution.

The first Friends who went there were Mary Fisher and Anne Austin. They came to Boston in the seventh month. Before they landed, the deputy governor took from them their books and burned them, ordering themselves to be kept prisoners, at first on board and

then on shore. They were denied light or food for five weeks, and must have perished, had not a man named Nicholas Upshal paid the gaoler five shillings a week for feeding them.

A month after, several other Quakers came, and met with the same treatment, being in like manner put again on board ship, while the captain was forced to bring them back to England.

Besides which, as soon as John Endicott, the governor came home, a law was made, prohibiting all masters of ships to bring any Quakers there, and when Nicholas Upshal reasoned with him against this, he was fined £23, imprisoned, and then banished: and though he was old and feeble, they made him move, in the cold winter time, to Rhode Island.

Here he met an Indian chief, who was very kind to him, and hearing his story, said,

“What a God have the English, who deal thus with one another about their God.

Next year a Friend named Anne Burden went from Rhode Island to Boston, to recover some debts due to her, and with her Mary Dyar; they were immediately imprisoned. The latter was released by the great exertion of her husband; but Anne Burden, though ill, was kept three months in prison. Some friends of hers

collected in goods, thirty pounds' worth of the debts due to her; and when she was to be sent away, she entreated leave to go by Barbadoes to England, because the goods she had for sale, were not suitable for the English market. But no! the master of a ship was compelled to take her, without her goods, to England. And when he asked who was to pay for her passage, the magistrate bade him take her goods, and pay himself. He was too honest to do this, feeling sure besides that she would herself pay him, which she afterwards did in London. The magistrates seized her goods to the value of £6 10s. to pay for her passage, which money they kept for themselves, leaving her to pay the captain as best she could, and they kept seven shillings as hire for the boat that took her to the ship, though the captain had offered to take her in his own boat, and though she was really sent with the hangman, in a boat, pressed for the purpose. Lastly, they kept fourteen shillings' worth, they said for the gaoler, to whom she owed nothing; and after all her toil and travel she had to return to England, without bringing home to her fatherless children anything of what was due to her.

Mary Clarke was the next. She came from London to warn them to desist from their iniquities; but with

a whip of three cords they gave her twenty stripes on the naked back, and imprisoned her in the winter for twelve weeks. The lashes of their whips were about the thickness of one's finger, and they were knotted at the end ; the handle was so long, that sometimes the man who used it, held it in both hands that he might strike the harder. Besides ill-using these strangers, the New Englanders punished, with fine and imprisonment, those of their own countrymen who either lodged or entertained them, sometimes even whipping them.

It would take too long to tell here of all the persecutions inflicted on them, or of all the cruel acts of John Endicott, the governor : till at last, in the year 1658, an old man, named William Beard, was chained for sixteen hours by the neck and heels so closely, that there was only the space of the locks between them. In the morning the gaoler gave him a hundred and twenty-seven blows with a pitched rope, an inch thick, until the flesh was like a jelly, and the blood hanging in great clots about his back and arms, and he lay upon the boards so utterly weakened, that his senses were numbed ; he could neither feel, nor see, nor hear, and the coldness of death crept over his tortured body, till God's power sent life again through his mangled limbs, —and he lived !

But the people heard it, and a cry arose, so that the governor was obliged to send his own surgeon to the prison, to see the sufferer. To him it seemed as if the flesh must fall off the bones, before the man could be healed; which so exasperated the people, that the magistrates, through fear, pretended to blame the gaoler, and threatened to punish him, till John Norton, (the chief clergyman of these pious Independents) justified all the gaoler's evil deeds, and said, "The Quakers only deserved it." And the magistrates called a court, in which they made a law against "the pernicious sect called Quakers," banishing them from New England, on pain of death. This act, however, was not passed without some trouble, and was carried by but one vote; which they would not have had, only that a man named Wozel was ill; for when he heard of it, he even wept, and said he would have crept to the court on hands and knees, rather than let it be, if he had but known.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE persecution continued, and it was at this time that they wanted to send away from New England, and sell for slaves, the son and daughter of Laurence Southwick, about which John Whittier has written the following beautiful poem.

THE BALLAD OF CASSANDRA SOUTHWICK.

To the God of all sure mercies let my blessing rise to-day,
From the scoffer and the cruel He hath plucked the spoil away,—
Yes, He who cooled the furnace around the faithful three,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, hath set his handmaid free!

Last night I saw the sunset melt through my prison bars,—
Last night across my damp earth floor fell the pale gleam of stars;
In the coldness and the darkness, all through the long night time,
My grated casement whitened with Autumn's early rime.

Alone, in that dark sorrow, hour after hour crept by;
Star after star looked palely in and sank adown the sky;
No sound amid night's stillness, save that which seemed to be
The dull and heavy beating of the pulses of the sea.

All night I sat unsleeping, for I knew that on the morrow
The ruler and the cruel priest would mock me in my sorrow,
Dragged to their place of market, and bargained for and sold,
Like a lamb before the shambles, like a heifer from the fold !

Oh, the weakness of the flesh was there—the shrinking and the shame;
And the low voice of the Tempter like whispers to me came:
“ Why sit'st thou thus forlornly ? ” the wicked murmur said,
“ Damp walls thy bower of beauty, cold earth thy maiden bed.

“ Where be the smiling faces, and voices soft and sweet,
Seen in thy father's dwelling, heard in the pleasant street ?
Where be the youths whose glances, the Summer Sabbath through,
Turned tenderly and timidly unto thy father's pew ?

“ Why sit'st thou here, Cassandra ?—Bethink thee with what mirth
Thy happy schoolmates gather round the warm bright hearth ;
How the crimson shadows tremble on foreheads white and fair,
On eyes of merry girlhood, half hid in golden hair.

“ Not for thee the hearth-fire brightens, not for thee kind words are
spoken,
Not for thee the nuts of Wenham Woods by laughing boys are broken ;
No first-fruits of the orchard within thy lap are laid,
For thee no flowers of Autumn the youthful hunters braid.

“ Oh ! weak deluded maiden !—by crazy fancies led,
With wild and raving railers an evil path to tread ;
To leave a wholesome worship, and teaching pure and sound ;
And mate with maniac women, loose-haired, and sack-cloth bound.

“ Mad scoffers of the priesthood, who mock at things divine,
Who rail against the pulpit, and holy bread and wine ;
Sore from their cart-tail scourgings, and from the pillory lame,
Rejoicing in their wretchedness, and glorying in their shame.

" And what a fate awaits thee !—a sadly toiling slave,
Dragging the slowly lengthening chain of bondage to the grave !
Think of thy woman's nature, subdued in hopeless thrall,
The easy prey of any, the scoff and scorn of all !"

Oh !—ever as the Tempter spoke, and feeble Nature's fears
Wrung drop by drop the scalding flow of unavailing tears,—
I wrestled down the evil thoughts, and strove in silent prayer,
To feel—oh, Helper of the weak !—that Thou indeed wert there !

I thought of Paul and Silas, within Philippi's cell ;
And how, from Peter's sleeping limbs, the prison-shackles fell,
Till I seemed to hear the trailing of an angel's robe of white,
And to feel a blessed presence invisible to sight.

Bless the Lord for all His mercies !—for the peace and love I felt,
Like dew of Hermon's holy hill, upon my spirit melt :
When " Get behind me, Satan !" was the language of my heart,
And I felt the evil Tempter with all his doubts depart.

Slow broke the grey cold morning ; again the sunshine fell,
Flecked with the shade of bar and grate within my lonely cell ;
The hoar frost melted on the wall, and upward from the street
Came causeless laugh, and idle word, and tread of passing feet.

At length the heavy bolts fell back, my door was open cast,
And slowly at the sheriff's side, up the long street I passed ;
I heard the murmur round me, and felt, but dared not see,
How, from every door and window, the people gazed on me.

And doubt and fear fell on me, shame burned upon my cheek,
Swam earth and sky around me, my trembling limbs grew weak ;
" Oh, Lord ! support thy handmaid, and from her soul cast out
The fear of man, which brings a snare—the weakness and the doubt."

Then the dreary shadows scattered like a cloud in morning's breeze,
And a low deep voice within me seemed whispering words like these :—
" Though thy earth be as the iron, and thy heaven a brazen wall,
Trust still His loving kindness, whose power is over all."

We paused at length, where at my feet the sunlit waters broke
On glaring reach of shining beach, and shingly wall of rock ;
The merchants' ships lay idly there, in hard clear lines on high,
Tracing with rope and slender spar their network on the sky.

And there were ancient citizens, cloak-wrapped and grave and cold ;
And grim and stout sea captains, with faces bronzed and old
And on his horse, with Rawson, his cruel clerk at hand,
Sat dark and haughty Endicott, the ruler of the land.

And poisoning with his evil words the ruler's ready ear,
The priest leaned o'er his saddle, with laugh and scoff and jeer ;
It stirred my soul, and from my lips the seal of silence broke,
As if through woman's weakness a warning spirit spoke.

I cried, " The Lord rebuke thee, thou smiter of the meek,
Thou robber of the righteous, thou trampler of the weak !
Go, light the dark cold hearth-stones—go turn the prison lock
Of the poor hearts thou hast hunted, thou wolf amid the flock !"

Dark lowered the brows of Endicott, and with a deeper red
O'er Rawson's wine-empurpled cheek the flush of anger spread ;
" Good people," quoth the white-lipped priest, " heed not her words so
wild,
Her master speaks within her—the Devil owns his child !"

But grey heads shook, and young brows knit, the while the sheriff read
That law the wicked rulers against the poor have made,
Who to their house of Rimmon and idol priesthood bring
No bended knee of worship, nor gainful offering.

Then to the stout sea captains, the sheriff, turning, said—
“Which of ye, worthy seamen, will take this Quaker maid?
In the isle of fair Barbadoes, or on Virginia’s shore,
You may hold her at a higher price than Indian girl or Moor.”

Grim and silent stood the captains; and when again he cried,
“Speak out, my worthy seamen!”—no voice, no sign replied:
But I felt a hard hand press my own, and kind words met my ear;
“God bless thee, and preserve thee, my gentle girl and dear!”

A weight seemed lifted from my heart,—a pitying friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his eye:
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice, so kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring of the sea.

“Pile my ship with bars of silver—pack with coins of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck-plank, the roomage of her hold,
By the living God who made me! I would sooner in your bay
Sink ship and crew and cargo, than bear this child away!”

“Well answered, worthy Captain, shame on their cruel laws!”
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud, the people’s just applause;
“Like the herdsmen of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we see the poor and righteous again for silver sold?”

I looked on haughty Endicott; with weapon half-way drawn,
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in silence back,
And sneering priest and baffled clerk rode murmuring in his track.

Hard after them the sheriff looked, in bitterness of soul:
Thrice smote his staff upon the ground, and crushed his parchment
roll.

“Good friends,” he said, “since both have fled, the ruler and the priest,
Judge ye, if from their further work I be not well released?”

Loud was the cheer, which full and clear swept round the silent bay ;
As, with kind words and kinder looks, he bade me go my way ;
For He who turns the courses of the streamlet of the glen,
And the river of great waters, had turned the hearts of men.

Oh, at that hour the very earth seemed changed beneath my eye,
A holier wonder round me rose, the blue walls of the sky,
A lovelier light on rock and hill, and stream and woodland lay,
And softer lapsed on sunnier sands the waters of the bay.

Thanksgiving to the Lord of life !—to Him all praises be,
Who from the hands of evil men hath set His handmaid free ;
All praise to Him before whose power the mighty are afraid,
Who takes the crafty in the snare which for the poor is laid !

Sing, oh, my soul, rejoicingly, on evening's twilight calm
Uplift the loud thanksgiving—pour forth the grateful psalm :
Let all dear hearts with me rejoice, as did the saints of old,
When of the Lord's good angel the rescued Peter told.

And weep and howl, ye evil priests and mighty men of wrong.
The Lord shall smite the proud, and lay His hand upon the strong ;
Wo to the wicked rulers in His avenging hour !
Wo to the wolves who seek the flocks to raven and devour !

But let the humble ones arise,—the poor in heart be glad,
And let the mourning ones again with robes of praise be clad,
For He who cooled the furnace, and smoothed the stormy wave,
And tamed the Chaldean lions, is mighty still to save !

CHAPTER XV.

ROBERT HODSHONE was imprisoned by the Dutch in New York, or, as they then called it, New Amsterdam, for holding a meeting and preaching. He was sentenced either to pay 600 guilders, or to work at the wheelbarrow with a negro for two years. They would let him make no defence, but sent him back to the dungeon, allowing none near him but Dutch people, whose language he could not understand. They chained him to a wheelbarrow, and ordered him to work; he answered that he was not accustomed to such work, and could not do it. They made a negro flog him with a pitched rope until he fell; they raised him up, and made the negro beat him again till he fell the second time. They kept him all day chained to the wheelbarrow, faint and without food, under a hot sun, his body bruised and swelled by the

blows; but, seated on the ground, amid all this agony, his soul sought rest in heaven, and found strength in his Saviour.

Thus passed several days, until he was observed speaking to those who came near him, to prevent which, he was again imprisoned, and given nothing to eat but bread and water.

One morning they brought him into a private room, stripped him to the waist, hung him up by his hands, tied a great log of wood to his feet, that he might not turn, and then set a negro to beat him with a rod, which cut his flesh sorely. This they repeated again two days after, increasing the blows. But then, almost at the point of death, he asked for some English person, and they sent him an Englishwoman, who washed his wounds, and thinking that the man could not live till morning, she sent her husband to the fiscal, to offer him a fat ox if he would let him have Robert Hodshone until he recovered. But no! the fine must be paid; and yet, though several of his friends would have done that for him, the prisoner could not consent to it. But after all, was it not like a miracle, that three days after his cruel beatings, God made him again whole and strong, and able to work; and work he did, until the governor's sister, who pitied him much,

importuned her brother to set him free, which he at last did, without asking from him a penny of the unjust fine.

And now some of the Quakers were called to seal with their blood their testimony to what they believed to be their Saviour's commands; and, for preaching in His name, three were condemned to death by John Endicott, the governor. These were—William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyar. The reading of their sentence, and what they answered, reminds one of the trial of Christian and Faithful in the Pilgrim's Progress; for William Robinson said, that "when he was in Rhode Island he had heard the Lord commanding him to go to Boston, and there lay down his life: that he had also felt an assurance that his soul was to enter into everlasting peace and rest; that he durst not but obey, without enquiring further, believing that it became him, as a child, to shew a willing obedience to the Lord. That this was why, after banishment on pain of death, he stayed in their jurisdiction; and that now, with sincerity of heart, he could say, 'Blessed be the Lord, the God of my life, who hath called me hereunto, and counted me worthy to testify of Him.'"

Marmaduke Stevenson warned them against shedding

innocent blood, lest it might be required of them; and Mary Dyar replied to her sentence, "The will of the Lord be done."

On the 27th of October, 1659, they three were led to execution, Mary Dyar walking between the two young men, and holding a hand of each. Two hundred armed men guarded them, as if there was danger of the people rescuing them. On their countenances were glorious signs of heavenly joy and gladness; and as they went, Mary Dyar said—

"This is to me an hour of the greatest joy I could enjoy in this world; no eye can see, nor ear can hear, no tongue can utter, and no heart can understand, the sweet influence and refreshings of the Spirit of the Lord which now I feel."

Thus went they on as to an everlasting wedding feast, rejoicing that the Lord had counted them worthy to suffer death for his name's sake; and as the two young men died, His praise was on their lips.

And now Mary Dyar is to follow them,—what cry stops the hand of the executioner? She is reprieved! reprieved! Left to work a little longer in the vineyard: yet only a little; for the next year when she came to preach, they took her, and as her son was not there now to sue for her life, they hanged her, as they

had done the others; she speaking of that heaven to which she was so near, and saying that she had felt for several days as if she were in paradise, and praying God to forgive her executioners.

"Thus," says Sewell, "this honest valiant woman ended her days. By the style of her letters and her undaunted carriage, it appears that she had indeed some extraordinary qualities: she was of a comely and grave countenance, of a good family and estate, and the mother of several children, but her husband was not a Quaker."

Over the Atlantic again, though there were no steamers then to bring us quickly as they do now, but the passage was long and often dangerous, generally lasting from nine to fourteen weeks; but here we are back in Old England, to find that even here Friends are not yet free from persecution; and that in this one year there were 140 persons who, for holding meetings, refusing to swear, not taking off their hats, not paying tithes, or for travelling up and down the country, had been taken up, imprisoned, and deprived of their goods. One and twenty of these died, either from sickness in prison, or by violent abuses. Among these, Richard Sale, a constable near West Chester, to whom was brought a Quaker preacher, and his pass as

a vagabond: this man's conversation so convinced the constable, that he gave him both his pass and his liberty. And because Sale thought that both the clergy and the people were in a very darkened state, he came in the day-time into the church, carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. This angered them so that the mayor put him into prison, thrusting him with such violence into a narrow hole in the wall, called "Little Ease," that he was severely bruised and injured, and died soon after, in great pain.

Just now, too, George Fox was taken away from Swarthmore, by a Justice named Henry Porter, and imprisoned in the common gaol at Lancaster. Whereupon Margaret Fell, feeling herself affronted by their having forcibly taken a guest out of her house, went herself to London to complain of it to the king, and with her another woman Friend, whose father had been sheriff of Bristol, and had been hanged near his own door for trying to bring in the king.

When these two women came to the king, he received them kindly, and sent an order for George Fox to come to him, that he might himself examine him. This, however, did not take place, but after some months time, the prisoner was released, to the great terror of Justice Porter, who now feared that he him-

self would be punished for what he had done. But George Fox, following his Saviour's command, "and returning good for evil," let him alone.

The king did liberate about seven hundred Friends, who had been imprisoned under the reigns of Oliver and Richard Cromwell. But soon again, because people chose to confuse the Quakers with the "Fifth Monarchy Men," they were imprisoned in numbers, for which grievance Margaret Fell twice visited the king, who, at her complaint, ordered their release without paying fees.

Among the Friends who travelled on the Continent of Europe to preach, were John Perrot and John Love, who went to Venice, where the former visited the Doge. When they came to Rome, both were imprisoned for their preaching, and John Love lost his life in the dungeon of the Inquisition. John Perrott, after a long time, was set free, and returned to England, but he did not remain a Friend.

CHAPTER XVI.

MARY FISHER, (she who had been before in New England) coming to Adrianople to preach, went alone to the camp where Mahomet the Fourth lay with his army, and sent word to the grand vizier, that an Englishwoman had come to give the Sultan a message from God. He answered that to-morrow morning she might come.

She was received at the appointed time by the Sultan, who had his court around him, as if he were about to receive an ambassador. Then, having asked her by an interpreter, whether it were true that she had a message from God, she answered, "Yes," and he bid her say on. While she still pondered on what she had to say, he again asked, whether she wished any who were present to go away? She said, "No." Then he bade her speak the word of the Lord, and not fear,

for they had good hearts, and were willing to hear it, whatever it was.

The Turks listened gravely, and with much attention, and the Sultan said he understood all, and that she had spoken the truth. He asked her to stay there, for they must respect her who had come so far with the Lord's message. He offered her a guard to bring her back to Constantinople, for he said it was a dangerous road, and he would not wish that anything should happen to her in his dominions. She refused the escort, and journeying, as she had come, alone, reached safely again the Golden City, and finally her native land; while two other Englishwomen lay in the Inquisition at Malta. They had been on their way to Alexandria, when the shipmaster put into Malta, though he had no business there; and as they neared it, Catherine Evans, being in great anguish of mind, cried out,

"Oh, we have a dreadful cup to drink at that place!"

And as they entered the harbour, and saw the people on the walls, she said in her heart,

"Shall ye destroy us? If we obey the Lord He is sufficient to deliver us out of your hands, but if we disobey Him, all these could not save us from His

hand." But then all fear of man seemed to be taken away from them.

Next day being Sunday, they went ashore; the English Consul received them kindly, and lodged them at his house, where they stayed some weeks, visiting various churches and nunneries, and preaching to many. In one chapel, while Catherine Evans prayed aloud to God, the priest who officiated put off his surplice, and knelt beside her till she had done; after which he offered her a piece of money, but she, showing him that she had enough of her own, gave it back to him. After some time, the officers of the Inquisition took them from the English Consul's house, and imprisoned them in a very small room, which had but two little holes in the wall, to admit light and air, and where they were nearly stifled; and were stung with gnats till their faces were sadly swelled: they suffered much with sickness and weakness, and yet at times had opportunities of preaching the Saviour's name, and were continually helping their fellow-prisoners, either by sewing, writing, or reading. Time after time came different friars to question and argue with them, and to threaten them with death, if they would not become Roman Catholics. For nearly four years they were kept thus; their friends in

England vainly endeavouring to gain their liberty; and though a Friend, named Daniel Baker, offered to give his life for their liberty, or at least to be a prisoner in their place, he was refused. An English captain who came to Malta said to them: "It is the Inquisitor who keeps you here, because you have preached among the people."

"We are content," they answered, "to suffer even to the death." And notwithstanding their cruel sufferings, they used to say that they felt at times such inward joy and consolation, that their souls were in ecstasies, and all outward fear vanished.

At the end of four years they got leave to speak to the Inquisitor, who agreed to let them go, but they were detained after this for eleven weeks, at the house of the English Consul. At last they sailed from Malta in an English frigate called the *Sapphire*, and with them the Inquisitor's brother, among other knights of Malta. He often spoke to the Captain (Samuel Titswell) that they might not want anything, and once said to him,

"If they go to Heaven one way, and we another, yet shall we all meet together at last."

To which the prisoners replied—

"Christ Jesus, the Light of the world, is the only way to the Father."

Touching at Leghorn and Tangier, they came at last to England. But I will here tell you an anecdote of Daniel Baker, he who wished so much to get them liberated.

Leaving Malta after his vain efforts for them, he returned to Italy to sail for England, but a contrary wind kept his vessel, and several others, for a month at Gibraltar. When they neared the Rock, he knew it for what he had seen in a dream, a year before, when in Worcester gaol, and he knew that he had an errand there to preach repentance; but, like Jonah of old, he wished rather to flee from it than obey. Finding, however, no peace but in obedience, he with some difficulty persuaded the captain to put him ashore.

It was Maunday Thursday, and he went to the chapel, where the priest was at the moment on his knees, at the high altar, adoring the host. Viewing this idolatry, the heart of the Quaker filled with indignation, and turning his face to the people, he spread forth his arms, took off his upper garment, and rending it in pieces, cast it from him. He threw down his hat and trampled it under-foot, and in his sackcloth dress, he in a loud voice, thrice sounded repentance, and cried aloud that Christ was risen from the dead.

And thus, calling all to repent, he passed away through the people unmolested, till he came again to the sea side, where, kneeling down, he returned thanks to God, who had so wonderfully preserved him through this peril, and then re-entered the ship.

Next day arose a fair wind, so that all the becalmed vessels were able to pass through the Straits, and go their several ways.

CHAPTER XVII.

AND now, since we are on sea, suppose that instead of returning with Daniel Baker to Old England (where he was imprisoned and cruelly treated), we take another sail to New England, and see what is doing there.

It is the year 1661. William Leddra, who had been banished from Boston on pain of death, feeling himself constrained to go there again to preach, was taken prisoner, and kept chained to a log of wood, day and night, in an open room, in the cold winter weather; till one day they brought him into the court of assistants, with the chain and log. He asked the gaoler when the log would be removed, and was answered—

“When thou art to be hanged.”

The rulers then told him that he was guilty, and must die, because he was a Quaker; said 'thee and thou,' and would not take off his hat in court. But they were suddenly silenced by the entrance of Wenlock Christison, another banished Quaker.

At last John Endicott, recovering his voice, cried out to him—

"Is not your name Wenlock Christison? Were you not banished on pain of death, and what do you here?"

"I am come," he answered, in a deep and solemn voice, "to warn you to shed no more innocent blood, for that you have already shed cries to the Lord God for vengeance upon you."

"Take him away, gaoler," cried out the magistrates.

But they offered William Leddra his freedom if he would return to England, and promise never more to visit America. This he refused to do, not knowing whether the Lord might send him again to preach there; so they sentenced him to death, and put him into prison again till the day of his execution.

As he was taken to be executed, an inhabitant of Salem, named Edward Wharton (who had himself been severely whipped for saying that the guilt of Robinson's and Stevenson's blood was greater than he could bear)

seeing him pass, condemned the governor's judgment as unjust; a stander-by said, "O Edward, it will be your turn next!" and William Leddra added, as he bade him farewell at the foot of the ladder:

"All that will be Christ's disciples must take up the cross;" then turning to the people, he said,

"For the testimony of Jesus, and for testifying against deceivers, and the deceived, I am brought here to suffer."

This touched many hearts, as did his last words:—

"I commit my cause to Thee, O God! Lord Jesus receive my spirit!" Thus was finished his earthly course, doubtless to receive in heaven the reward of eternal rest in his Lord's presence.

One who was a spectator of his execution wrote the following letter to George Lad, the master of an English ship, then lying at Barbadoes:

"BOSTON, *March 26th*, 1661.

"On the fourteenth of this month was one William Leddra put to death. The people of the town told me he might go away if he would; but when I made further enquiry I heard the marshal say, that he was chained in prison, from the time he was condemned to the day

of his execution. I am not a Quaker, yet truly methought the Lord did mightily appear in that man. I went to one of the magistrates who (as he told me himself) was one of the jury that condemned him, and I asked him by what rule he did it. He answered, 'He was a rogue, a very rogue.' 'What is this to the question,' I said, 'where is your rule?' 'He abused authority,' answered he. When William Leddra was on the ladder, he looked on me, and called me 'friend,' and said, 'know that this day I am willing to offer up my life for the witness of Jesus.' Then taking leave of the officers to speak, I said, 'Gentlemen, I am a stranger both to your persons and country, and yet a friend to both; for the Lord's sake, take not away this man's life, but remember Gamaliel's counsel to the Jews: "If this be of man, it will come to nought, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it: be careful ye be not found fighters against God."' The captain said, 'Why didn't you come to the prison?' 'Because,' I said, 'I heard that the man might go if he would, therefore I call him now down from the tree: "Come, William, you may go away if you will!"' 'It is no such thing,' said Captain Oliver: 'what have you to do with it? begone!' 'I am willing,' I said, 'for I cannot endure to see this.'

Some in the town shared in my grief, and I told them that they had no warrant from God, nor precedent from our country, nor power from the king, to hang the man.

“ I rest your friend,

“ THOMAS WILKIE.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND now they bethought them of Wenlock Christison, and brought him to the court at Boston, where John Endicott, the governor, and his deputy, Richard Bellingham, said to him:

“Unless you renounce your religion, you shall surely die.”

“Nay,” he answered, with undaunted courage, “I shall not change my religion to save my life: neither do I intend to deny my Master; but if, for Christ’s sake, and the preaching of the Gospel, I lose my life, I shall save it.”

His fearless resolution gave such a check to his persecutors, that for this time, they contented themselves with sending him back to prison: but in four months after they disputed in court, among themselves, and about him, for two weeks, during which time the sun

shone not in the firmament (a rare occurrence there, at that time of the year), and the people said, that hating their evil intentions, the sun hid his face from them. They did agree in time, however, and bringing the prisoner before them, asked what he had to say against his being put to death.

"I have done nothing worthy of death," he said; "if I have, I refuse not to die."

"Thou art come among us in rebellion," they repeated, "which ought to be punished as the sin of witchcraft."

"I came among you," said the prisoner, "not in rebellion, but in obedience to the God of heaven; not in contempt of any of you, but in love to your souls and bodies, and that you shall know, one day, when you and all men must give an account of the deeds done in the body. Take heed, for you cannot escape the righteous judgments of God."

"You pronounce woes and judgments," said Major General Adderton, "as did those before you, but the judgments of the Lord are not come upon us yet."

Wenlock calmly answered: "Be not proud, neither let your spirits be lifted up: God doth but wait till the measure of your iniquity be filled up, and you have run your ungodly race, then will His wrath come upon you to the uttermost. And as for thee, it hangs over

thy head, ready to pour down on thee, and it shall come like a thief in the night, suddenly, when thou thinkest not of it."

Again the court set about trying him: he appealed to England, but of this they would not hear; and now some wanted to let him go, and others to hang him, till the whole court was in such confusion, that John Endicott himself hastily pronounced this judgment.

"Wenlock Christison, hearken to your sentence: you must return to the place whence you came, and thence to the place of execution, there to hang till you be dead."

The prisoner replied, "The will of the Lord be done, in whose will I came among you, and in whose counsel I stand, feeling His eternal power that will uphold me to the last gasp. Known be it to you all, that if ye have power to take my life from me, my soul shall enter into everlasting rest and peace with God. And if ye have power to take my life, which I do question, I do believe you will never more take the lives of any Quakers. Think not to weary out the living God by taking the lives of His servants. He can raise up the same principle of life in others, and send them among you."

The holy confidence with which he uttered these

words, and what soon after happened, made it plainly appear that they contained something supernatural; for five days after, the marshal and a constable came to the prison, and liberated Wenlock Christison, and twenty-seven other Quakers, some of whom were under sentence of death. No wonder that Wenlock Christison said, "that the power of God was above all their evil deeds;" and now for a while the persecution was stopped, and in this way:—

King Charles the Second had seen a book written about it, by George Bishop, in which was this sentence, spoken by Major-General Denison, to those who complained of the cruelties practised: "This year ye will go to complain to the Parliament; next year they will see how it is; and the third year the Government will be changed." The king reading this, called aloud to the lords to hear it, and said,

"Lo! these are my good subjects of New England, but I will put a stop to them."

And when the news of William Leddra's death reached England, Edward Burrough obtained audience of the king, and told him that there was opened in his dominions a vein of innocent blood, which, if it were not stopped, would overrun it all.

“But,” said the king, “I will stop that vein, and speedily; call the secretary.”

He came, and this mandamus was forthwith written, that it might be sent to New England, addressed thus:—

“To our trusty and well beloved John Endicott, Esq., and to all and every other, the governor or governors of our plantations of New England, and of all the colonies thereunto belonging, and to all and every the ministers and officers within the Continent of New England.

“CHARLES R.

“Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Having been informed that several of our subjects among you, called Quakers, have been, and are imprisoned by you, whereof some have been executed, and others are in danger to undergo the like; we have thought fit to signify our pleasure in that behalf for the future; and do hereby require that if there be any Quaker among you already condemned to death, or other corporal punishment, or imprisoned, you are to forbear to proceed further with them; but that you forthwith send the said persons over into our kingdom of England, with account of the crimes laid to their charge, to the end that such course may be taken with

them here as is agreeable to our laws, and their demerits. And these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge.

“Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 9th September, 1661, in the thirteenth year of our reign.

“By his Majesty's command,

“WILLIAM MORRIS.”

Now King Charles empowered the Quakers to send a vessel to America without delay, and he gave the deputation and mandamus to Samuel Shattock, a New England Quaker, who had been banished thence on pain of death. And another Quaker, Captain Ralph Goldsmith, for the sum of three hundred pounds, made ready his ship to sail in ten days. A fair and prosperous wind brought her in six weeks to New England, and on a Sunday morning she entered the Bay of Boston, with all her colours flying. The townspeople came on board, but the captain would, on that day, tell his business to no one, nor land any of his people; and the whole town wondered at the audacity of the Quakers, who sailed their ship thus into the lion's mouth.

Next morning Captain Ralph Goldsmith and Samuel Shattock, unattended by any one else, walked through

the street, until they came to the house of John Endicott, who ordered Samuel Shattock's hat to be taken off. So soon, however, as John Endicott had received from his hands the king of England's mandamus, he ordered the hat to be replaced, and doffed his own. Then consulting with the deputy governor, they said they would obey the king's order. The Quakers were set free, and the pious New Englanders sent over a deputation to King Charles, to avert his displeasure from themselves. These soon left England, however, when several of the Quakers, whom they had formerly ill-treated, appeared now as witnesses against them, which made them return in disgust to their own country.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEXT year again, in New England, Friends were imprisoned and beaten. Three women were sentenced to be tied to a cart tail, and made to walk through eleven towns (a distance of eighty miles), receiving at each town, ten lashes on the bare back. At the third town, through the kindness of a man named Walter Barefoot, they were liberated. Bruised and hurt as they were, they went to New Quechawanah, and held a meeting, to which came the clergyman, Shubal Drummer. The meeting being over, he said,

"Good women, ye have spoken well, and prayed well, what is your rule?"

"The Spirit of God is our rule," they answered, "and it ought to be thine, and that of all men to walk by."

Having returned to Dover, and being in meeting on

a First-day morning, two constables rushed in, seized Alice Ambrose, each taking an arm, dragged her nearly a mile through the snow, over stumps and old trees, with her face downwards, and locking her up in a house, returned for Mary Tomkins, whom they treated in the same manner, as well as Alice Coleman. Cruel young men these two constables were, so that their father said when he saw their deeds (for they were brothers), "Wo that I ever was father to such wicked children!" Even to him they were unkind and undutiful, having taken away from him the cow which helped to support him and their mother.

Next day they got a canoe, threatening to drown the women: and taking Alice Coleman into the water, dragged her along in it, while she clung to the side of the canoe. All this while there stood by, an elder among the people, named Hate-evil Nutwel; how falsely named his actions show, for he incited the constables to their wicked deeds. A higher power stayed them, for suddenly a mighty tempest arose, which drove them all into the house: but at midnight they turned the poor women out into the frost and snow, so that their clothes were frozen quite stiff and hard: yet did the Lord watch over them, and keep them through all their afflictions: as well as an English

woman named Elizabeth Hooton, who being brought before John Endicott, warned him to spill no more innocent blood.

"I will yet hang more," said he.

"Thou art in the hand of the Lord," she answered, "who can take thee away first."

This so angered the governor that he sent her and her companion, Joan Broksup, away two days' journey into the wilderness, and caused them to be left there among wolves and bears; but God guarded them safely out of this danger, so that they returned to England again; and in a second visit to Boston, Elizabeth Hooton and her daughter were treated in the same way, except that greater severity was used: yet did she live to praise God who kept her safe through such miseries: as did also some other women who had been cruelly beaten, whom Wenlock Christison and Edward Wharton came to visit; for which the latter was himself seized and flogged, till they said that peas could lie in the holes made in his arms and back, by the knots of the whip.

This was Endicott's last act of cruelty, he took away no more lives, as was said above; the measure of his crimes was full, a most loathsome disease had taken hold of him, his body decayed away, and he sank into

the grave, the horror and disgust of those around him.

Major-General Adderton, too, having on a certain day exercised his soldiers, and turned to ride towards his own house, was passing the spot where the Quakers were generally loosened from the cart-tail. A cow crossing the way, frightened his horse, and it threw him so violently that he died. His eyes being started out of his head, his brains through his nose, his tongue out of his mouth, and his blood through his ears. So came upon him, as Wenlock Christison had said, 'God's judgment unawares.'

And John Norton, the clergyman who promoted the death of those at Boston, and who had so often urged on the people to cruelty, also died suddenly. He had been to church in the morning, and, intending to go again in the afternoon, was walking in his own parlour, when groaning heavily, he laid his head against the mantel-piece, and saying,

"The judgments of the Lord are upon me," would have fallen had they not caught him, as he was sinking down into the fire.

The Deputy-Governor, Richard Bellingham, who succeeded John Endicott as governor, went mad ten years after, and so died.

Let us leave all those bad and cruel people, and see if they be more quiet in Old England, in the year 1662.

George Fox was travelling in Cornwall, near the Land's End, where there were many Quakers. There lived there a Colonel Robinson who was a great enemy of these people; and who used to follow them to their meetings to annoy them, and call it "Fanatic hunting."

One day he had appointed with a neighbouring Justice to meet him, that together they might hunt the Quakers. He had sent on his man to a certain place, where he was to meet him with his horse, while he walked as far as a farm he owned, where just then the servant maids were milking. He went into a field, to play as he was accustomed to do, with a bull which was rather a pet: but as soon as he approached, the bull ran fiercely at him, stuck his horn into his thigh, threw him high up in the air, and when he fell, gored him fearfully, roaring, and licking up his blood. One of the servant maids came running in, and catching the animal by the horns, strove to pull him away; but he, putting her gently by with his horns, turned again and gored his master, still bellowing and licking his blood: nor could the men who were called drive him away, till some mastiffs were brought into the field, on which the

animal fled. Colonel Robinson's sister came to him, in great grief, saying,

"Alack, brother, what a heavy judgment is this!"

"Ah, sister!" he answered, "it is indeed heavy."

They could only kill the bull by shooting him; he had become so outrageous, that no one dared to go near him, and his unhappy victim died soon after.

During the year 1663, George Fox spent much of his time in Lancaster gaol, being falsely accused of sedition in the North. And at Colchester the people were busy carrying away Friends out of their meetings, and beating them black and blue. One day a trooper beat a man till his sword fell from its hilt; the beaten man handed back the sword, saying, "I desire that the Lord may not lay this day's work to thy charge." Both men and women they beat with clubs, from which iron spikes projected. These barbarities continued, till the persecutors themselves seemed more wearied than the sufferers, who grew valiant under tribulation.

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CHAPTER XX.

OW we come to the story of Thomas Lurting, who had once been boatswain's mate in a man-of-war, and often escaped in imminent dangers. Once with Admiral Blake, at the Canary Isles, when some Spanish galleons were to be taken, he was sent to blow up three of the galleons in the bay, which he did by setting one on fire, and it burned the other two. As they returned, passing by a breastwork, they received a volley of small shot, which killed two men and wounded another, who were both beside Thomas, and yet he remained unhurt. Leaving the bay, they came within four ships' length of the castle, which had forty guns; these were fired at them, and a shot cut the bolt-rope over his head, without hurting him: through many other perils was he kept safe, but we have not space for them here.

It happened that in the year 1654, there was among

the soldiers in his ship, one who had been at a Friends' meeting in Scotland. Two of the young men in the ship had conversed much with him, before he was removed into another vessel, and these two seemed inclined to Friends, inasmuch as they would not take off their hats to the captain, nor go to the clergyman to hear him. Which vexing the clergyman, he said to Thomas Lurting, "Oh, Thomas, an honest man and a good Christian, here is a dangerous people on board, the Quakers, blasphemers, who deny the ordinances, and word of God. Thomas grew angry too, and beat and abused these men when they met together to pray. But the remembrance of his own many deliverances haunted him, so that he felt constrained to cease from beating them; and feeling himself condemned, he made many promises to the Lord, but as he kept them not, they were little use to him. Now there was one of the Quakers in the ship whom he loved so that he never struck him, and even the looking at him made him abstain from beating the rest.

But feeling no peace in his mind, and longing to be alone, that he might more freely pour out his soul to the Lord, though he felt himself condemned, yet his heart became tender and contrite, so that he could sometimes cry out, "O Lord." And now, too, the ship's

crew called him mad, and mocked at and ridiculed him. One evening praying very earnestly to the Lord, and asking to what people he should join himself, he was startled at finding it must be the Quakers; he thought he would rather die than live and join those whom he had so often beaten and abused. Again and again came to his mind, his manifold preservations at the Lord's hand, till at last, softened, he said, "Quaker or no Quaker, I am for peace with God;" many a sigh and a tear did the resignation cost him, but the Lord's inward reproofs followed him so close that he at last gave up. And then he told his friend Roger Dennis, who spoke so to the purpose, that he felt peace. On the First-day of the week, he went to their small meeting of six persons, but this so surprised the ship's company that many left their worship to go and look at him; and when the captain asked, and heard the reason of the noise, he sent for Thomas Lurting and said to him, "Thomas, I took you to be a very honest man, and a good Christian, but I am sorry you are so deluded;" then he endeavoured to prove from the Bible that Friends were no Christians. Thomas stood silent, and the more they strove, the more still he was, till at length being dismissed, and returning to his friends he said, "I was scarce half a Quaker when I went to the

captain, but by their lies and false reports they have made me almost a whole Quaker, at least I hope to be one." They met for prayer regularly, till at the end of six months they numbered twelve instead of six. And now there were none on board who would abuse them, though the captain tried to do it, by getting some men from other ships; but how fiercely soever these behaved themselves, they were limited by a higher power. After a while there was a sickness in the ship, of which in a short time above forty men died. The Quakers had it too, but though very ill and weak, none of them died; they nursed each other carefully, and shared whatever they had, so that even some of the rest would cry out, "Oh carry me to the Quakers, for they take great care of their sick, and will do so too for me." This visitation of sickness, changed the captain, so that he was kind to Thomas, and gave him the use of a cabin for a meeting room, and sometimes he would say, "Thomas take thy friends, and do such or such a-thing;" for these Quakers had not yet refused to fight; they used even to surpass the captain's expectations when they were sent on his errands, and were so brave, that he would say that "he cared not if all his men were Quakers, for they were the hardiest men in the ship." But their time of probation came, for when

they returned to the Mediterranean, and were gone from Leghorn to take a castle at Barcelona, and Thomas Lurting was very busy at the guns, and stripped to the waist, working away as hard as he could, these words flashed through his mind, "what if now thou killest a man!" And He who can change all hearts at His pleasure, changed his in one moment, so that he would have fought no more, were it to gain the world: and putting on his clothes again, he walked quietly away. He spoke to the other Quakers, who agreed with his convictions, and they told the captain, who (though he was a Baptist preacher) beat him sorely with his fist and a cane.

Again in the year 1665, being at Leghorn, they went on a cruize, and meeting what they supposed to be a Spanish man-of-war, the decks were cleared for fighting. Now came the Quakers' trial; they prayed earnestly to the Lord for strength, and Thomas told them, that "though things seemed with him very dark and cloudy, yet his hopes were that the Lord would deliver him, and all who were of his faith;" adding, "I lay not this as an injunction on any one, but leave you all to the Lord; moreover, I must tell you that the captain puts great confidence in you, therefore let us be careful that we give no just occasion of offence; and

let us all, who think alike, meet in view of the captain on deck, that he may not afterward say that we deceived him, by not telling him that we would not fight, and letting him put others in our places."

So they stood on the deck, Thomas leaning his back to the geer capstan, and his friends a little behind him; till the lieutenant coming up said to one, "Go down to thy quarters."—"I can fight no more," said the man quietly. On which the officer went to the captain, and said, "Yonder are the Quakers, I don't know but they will mutiny; and one says he cannot fight." The captain came up, seized the man by the collar, threw his hat overboard, and beating him with a cane, dragged him to his quarters. Then he in a great fury drew his sword, and hastened towards the other Quakers. This word from the Lord entered Thomas's mind, "The sword of the Lord is over him; but if he will have a sacrifice, proffer it him." Trembling at the power that possessed him, he advanced towards the captain, being kept calm, and with his eye quietly fixed upon the furious face of his commander, who, growing pale, turned round, and handing his sword to his man, walked away. The supposed enemy proved to be a friendly Genoese; and before night the captain sent the clergyman to ask Thomas's pardon, who replied that

he bore him no ill will, but that such passions should be guarded against, lest if he thus took away life, he might seek repentance and not find it.

After this, Thomas went into a merchant ship, but as he was sometimes pressed into the king's service, he had his share of suffering. There was one time at Harwich, where he had been working in a merchant vessel, that he was pressed and brought before the captain of a man-of-war, who began to curse the Quakers, and threatened that either he or the Duke of York, would hang Thomas. The next night however a cry was heard through the ship of "where is the Quaker? where is the Quaker?" And Thomas was summoned to the captain's presence: "I cannot sleep," said the captain, "thou must go on shore;" and so he was sent on shore in the boat, though the captain had said that hanging was too good for him.

CHAPTER XXI.

WOULD you like to hear how a Friend took a ship from the hands of pirates, without ever fighting.

He was mate to another Friend named George Pattison, they were coming from Venice, and near the Island of Majorca were chased by a pirate of Algiers, who took the captain and four of the men into his own ship; placing eight armed Turks in the Quaker's vessel. Now there was only Thomas Lurting (the mate) to command, but he felt strength and courage from God come into his soul, and fearing nothing, knowing that the Lord could keep them even in this danger, he received the invaders in a friendly manner, desiring the sailors to obey them as they had obeyed him. So the Turks were also kind to the men, remaining quietly in the ship; and now the mate wished that he had the

captain safe out of the pirate ship; earnestly he desired of the Lord that he would lead him back safely, as well as the four sailors; and his prayer was answered, for the Turks actually sent them again to their vessel. Then the mate rejoiced, and no longer feared that they would be sent to Algiers. "If," he said, "ye will be ruled by me, I will act for your delivery, as well as my own;" though he, as yet saw no way, and the Turks were all armed, while they themselves had no arms. The men wished to kill them, but the mate said, "no, and if I knew that any of you would touch a Turk, I would myself be the first to warn him of it." Then he advised them to conciliate the Turks by a willing obedience, as that would gain them leave to be more together: to this all agreed, and the captain let them have their own way, when they promised that they would shed no blood. Now the weather was changeable, so that they lost sight of the pirate ship, and the Turks in our ship, were very content and careless, seeing how diligent and willing the Quaker sailors were. One very rainy night, the mate persuaded the Turks to come into the cabin to sleep, and when he had got them all, one after another to sleep in different places, he secreted their arms and put them away, and keeping the men themselves below decks, made for

Majorca, with a fair gale, which brought them there in the morning. Thomas allowed two of the prisoners up on deck, and then watched the effect of their return to the cabin; but when the other Turks heard from these in what place they were, they fell on their knees crying, and besought that they might not be sold for slaves. It was promised that they should not: and Thomas Lurting related all this to Captain Pattison; he again told the Turkish captain (who had been all this time in his cabin), that the vessel was once more their own, and that they neared Majorca. Weeping, the Turkish captain begged that he might not be sold. They hid the Turks in the vessel, lest any Spaniards coming aboard should find them; and, having finished their business, might have left Majorca safely, had not another English captain come into the vessel, and heard all this story, under promise of secrecy; which promise he broke, and wanted to take away three of the Turks with him to England. So when Captain Pattison would not let him have them, though he called him a fool, and said the men would each bring two or three hundred pieces of eight, he told the whole story to the Spaniards, who threatened to take the Turks by force. But Captain Pattison and his mate having heard this, called out to the Turks, "You must help us, or the Spaniards will take you from us!"

Thus to save their enemies, the Quakers risked their own lives, and hovered about for several days, rather than put into any port of Spain. At last, after sundry adventures, it was judged best to make for the Barbary coast. Once they were obliged to put the Turks below again, because they became unruly, and threatened the captain: and now, when they were about fifty miles from Algiers, and five from land, they thought of landing their prisoners; but how was this to be done? It was a calm evening, and Thomas Lurting took on himself to set the dangerous prisoners on the African shore: yet he pondered much on the perils attending it, for the Turks were ten in number; but at last, saying to the captain, "I believe the Lord will preserve me, for I have nothing but good-will in venturing my life, and have no fear upon me, but trust that all will do well." So with three seamen, he took into the boat the ten Turks, unfettered, unbound, and their arms lying in the bottom of the boat. He had made his own men promise not to hurt the captives, till he had done all he could do; and for a further precaution, he placed the Turks thus in the boat: their captain in the stern, the next man in his lap; then one on each side, and then one in each of their laps, till all were in. This plan was to prevent their suddenly rising up. As

they neared the shore, it seemed as if there were men hidden in the bushes, which frightened the sailors for a moment, and made them cry out, "Lord have mercy upon us, there are Turks in the bushes on shore." The prisoners rose, but the mate's courage did not desert him, and touching the Turkish captain's arm with the boat hook, he bade him sit down again, which he and all the rest did instantly. There were no men on the shore after all, and as soon as they were near enough to land, he made the Turks get out, and giving them some loaves of bread, and all their arms, bade them go. They tried to persuade the mate and his men to land, but however friendly they were, or seemed, that would have been a very great risk; so the Turks waved joyfully their farewells from the top of the hill; and praising God for His protecting care, Thomas Lurting and the three other seamen returned to their ship, and with a fair wind to London, where (this strange story having preceded her), the Quaker's vessel, on entering the Thames, was met by the king in his barge, and holding in his royal hand the entering rope of the ship, he heard from the mate's own lips the whole wonderful adventure, and the goodness of God in delivering them. The king, however, thought it would have been wiser to have sold the Turks, and so made money, and went

away smiling at the foolishness of these Friends, who had acted in accordance with their Saviour's command, "Love your enemies, do good to those that hate you." Though indeed the Algerines themselves did not copy this, most likely from not having heard it, but several times after, kept in slavery for a long time Quaker seamen and others, whom they took out of various ships; yet they came to trust the Quakers above all other professions, since the slaves who were of that persuasion were the most faithful and diligent they had.

CHAPTER XXII.

T this time the Countess of Derby held in a close prison at Derby, a poor sickly man, named Oliver Atherton, who for conscience sake had refused to pay some tithes which were on her property. When he had been for two years and a-half in this little dark prison, he grew so ill, that a letter was taken by his son Godfrey, to the countess herself, beseeching for his freedom, lest if he died in prison, his innocent blood should be required of her; but she said, "No:" and when the young man came again, and told this at the death-bed of his father, the latter answered, "She has been the cause of much bloodshed, but this will be the heaviest blood to her that ever she spilt." He soon died, and as his friends carried him to Ormskirk to be buried, they posted up at the market cross, both at Garstang and at Preston, this inscription, which was also on the coffin.

"This is Oliver Atherton from the Parish of Ormskirk, who by the Countess of Derby was persecuted to death, for keeping a good conscience in not paying tithes to her."

Now there were three other men in prison for a like cause; but the countess instead of liberating them, when she read of this man's death, threatened to punish their friends for posting up the above inscription: but her threats were unavailing, for her own life was ended exactly three weeks after Atherton died.

Another Friend, named Humphry Smith died in Winchester gaol this year, he had had, three years before his death, a vision of the great fire in London, which did not occur until three years after he died.

This year, too, George Fox was in Lancaster gaol; and one day while walking in his room, he saw the power of the Lord turn against the Turks, with whom at that time there was war in Hungary; a month after, came the news of the defeat of the Turks.

They brought George Fox into a court of justice one day, and required him to take an oath on the Bible, but he confounded them all by asking, how they could expect him to swear by a book which forbade him to do so? And if he were to be imprisoned for obeying it, why

was not the book imprisoned too? To which the justices had nothing to reply, but put him into gaol again, until the middle of the year 1665, when they removed him from Lancaster gaol to the little town of Bentham, in Yorkshire; thence to York, and finally to Scarborough castle, where he lay in great discomfort; and was very ill and weak from his long confinement, and the various trials he had gone through.

While at Scarborough he had many visitors, who came to argue with him on religious matters; one time General Fairfax's widow came, attended by a large company of gentlefolks; but very few of his friends were allowed to come near him.

The governor was kind to him, and once, when he was going up to attend Parliament, and George Fox asked him to speak to Esquire March, Sir Francis Cob, and others, about his liberation, he on his return told George Fox that March had said,

"I would go a hundred miles barefoot to set George Fox free," and that several others at court had spoken well of him.

After a year spent in Scarborough castle, George Fox wrote a letter to the king, asking to be released, and Esquire March, who was a gentleman of the bed-

chamber, did all he could to help it, and at length obtained an order for his liberation. On his way to London, George Fox held a meeting in Yorkshire, and coming near the house of Colonel Kirby, who had been the chief cause of his long imprisonment, the latter would have taken him again, but (like Giant Despair, when about to take Christian and Hopeful in Doubting Castle), he was suddenly seized with gout, and confined to his bed. Sick and weak, George Fox reached London just after the great fire, which had laid waste so large a part of it.

Now we come to John Camm of Camsgil, near Kendal in Westmoreland. He had been convinced of the truth by the preaching of George Fox, and was now himself a minister among the Quakers, in which work he exerted himself so much, that he fell into a decline, and died at home, surrounded by his wife and family. To these he once remarked, "How great a benefit do I enjoy, having so much time to prepare for death, dying daily that I may live for ever with my God in that kingdom that is unspeakably full of glory. My body wastes daily, mouldering down towards its place and centre; but my soul revives, and mounts upward towards its place and habitation in the heavens." On the morning of his departure, he called his wife,

children and family to him, exhorted them to fear the Lord, to love His truth, to walk in it, and to be loving and kind to one another; adding that his glass was run, the time of his departure was come, he was to enter into everlasting ease, joy, and rest, and charging them all to be patient and content in parting with him. Then fainting, he passed into a sweet sleep, but by the weeping and crying of those about him he awakened, and asking to be lifted up a little in bed, said, "My dear hearts, ye have wronged me and disturbed me, for I was at sweet rest; ye should not so passionately sorrow for my departure; this house of clay must go to its place; and this soul and spirit is to be gathered up to the Lord, to live with Him for ever, where we shall meet with everlasting joy." Then taking leave of them all, he charged them to be content at parting with him, and lying down, soon entered his eternal rest.

His beloved friend, John Audland, who grieved for his loss, also died of consumption; brought on by raising his voice so high as he did in preaching, that all present might hear. In a meeting which he held once in a field near Bristol, he arose to speak with an awful and shining countenance, and lifting up his voice like a trumpet, he warned the people with such strength and power that many fell to the ground, overcome by the

sense of their transgressions. His wife, Anne Newby, of Kendal, was tenderly attached to him, yet did she willingly give him up to do his Master's work, rejoicing, as she said, "that he was found worthy to labour in the work of the Lord." And he truly did serve God, to his utmost ability, till his bodily strength failing, he was confined to his room by a fever, which in three weeks ended his life in this world. He entreated of his wife to give him up freely to God, whether it was for life or death,—and she was strengthened to do it; but how great a trial it was to her, may be seen by a letter which she afterwards wrote concerning him:—"The Eternal God," she said, "who by His providence, joined us in marriage in our young days, in His wisdom, caused also His day to spring from on high upon us—in the marvellous light, and bright shining whereof, he revealed His Son Christ in us; and gave us faith to believe in Him, the Eternal word of life, by which our souls were quickened, and made alive in Him; and also by His holy power we were made one spiritually, our hearts being knit together in the unspeakable love of truth, which was our life and joy; by which all our temporal enjoyments were sanctified, and made a blessing to us. How hard it was, and how great a loss, to me to part with so dear and tender a

husband, is far beyond what I can express : the dolour of my heart, my tongue or my pen is unable to declare. Yet in this I consoled myself, that it was the will of the Lord to take him from the evil, and that my loss, though great, is not to be compared to this eternal gain."

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN the Eighth-month, 1664, there were eight Quakers tried before Judge Orlando Bridgeman, and found guilty, though their only fault was their having attended their own meetings for worship: yet for this, were four of them sentenced to be transported to Barbadoes for seven years, and three to Jamaica, "because" said this judge "ye must not all go to the one place." There were yet two others kept back till next assizes.

Soon after, the seven prisoners were embarked in a ship, which was bound for the West Indies; but contrary winds and stormy weather hindered her sailing: and Captain May and his seamen grew very uneasy at this, believing that Heaven was against them; nay, the sailors even threatened to leave the ship, if the master would not set the prisoners on shore; which he at last did, giving them a certificate to say that

“they had not run away, but that he had freely landed them, believing that the hand of God was against him, as they were honest men who had not deserved banishment.” Soon after, a fair wind arose, and the good ship sailed; and we do not find either that these Quakers were further punished at this time; though sixteen others were tried for the same cause, one of whom, a girl of sixteen, died in prison, the rest were sentenced to be transported to Virginia, to Barbadoes, and the judge, being in a hurry, added Hispaniola as a third place; which surprised the people, who knew that this was not in King Charles’s dominions. Now, though the Quakers were so persecuted, yet did they strengthen each other by exhortation, “for,” said one of them, “that these afflictions come upon us is by God’s permission; who then shall gainsay Him, or endeavour to reason with Him in matters of such great concern, seeing that His way is hid from man; and these things are to try our faith, so ought we to continue bold, and persevere valiantly. And though great sufferings and afflictions attend us, yet my heart, praised be the Lord, is not troubled, neither hath fear seized me, because I see the intent of the Lord in it; and for the sake of the yet ungathered seed, is my life freely offered up to the Lord, if He call me to do it: so let your prayer to

God for me be, that I may be kept to the end, and finish my testimony with joy, and in all things be made to bring honour and glory to the Lord who is over all, blessed for ever."

It was truly a time of much affliction to them, for no less than thirty-six Quakers were now condemned to transportation, and for no greater crime than attending and preaching in their religious meetings. It was very hard to find any captains who would take them away, because they thought that some adversity or other surely happened to them or the ships. The consequence was, that the prisoners were frequently put on shore again. Three were really carried away; one of these died at sea, the other two reached Jamaica, where they lived and prospered. An embargo was laid on all merchantmen, that none should go down the Thames without a pass from the admiral, and he would not give this, unless the captain promised to carry away with him some of the proscribed Quakers. It was in vain that the captains protested against carrying an Englishman by force from England. At length, by force, one shipmaster was got to obey, and seven Quakers were sent from Newgate to Blackfriars Stairs, and so by boat to the ship at Gravesend. And as if to punish the persecutors, a pestilence which had broken

out in a house next to that of one of the banished Quakers, spread among the people in that part of London; and Judge Hide, who had been very active in sentencing them, was found dead in his bedroom, having been apparently quite well the day before.

Meantime the ship containing the fifty-four Quakers could not sail, but lay at Gravesend, her master being imprisoned for debt. In the beginning of the next year, another master named Peter Love, was put into her, and she came into the Downs, but of the fifty-four Quakers, only twenty-seven survived. Two of the crew went ashore with a boat; and leaving her adrift, ran away. The captain, with a few raw sailors, and ill-provided with victuals, weighed anchor and went as far as Plymouth, thence on the 23rd of February to Land's End, where a Dutch privateer captured his vessel bringing her by the west coast of Ireland and Scotland to Horn, in Holland. The Quakers were liberated, and at Amsterdam received clothes and lodging from Friends, and all returned safely to England, except one, who was a Dutchman, and who remained in his own country.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HERE was a Scotchman named William Dundas, who, being dissatisfied with his own church and minister, left off attending there on First-days, but though he liked the Quakers' preaching, yet they were so despised a people, that he could not think of joining them. One winter evening as he rode from Edinburgh to his own house, he heard a noise of men fighting, and riding up, he saw two men on horseback beating one on foot, who said to them, "What did I say to you, but bid you fear God?" Perceiving him to be a Quaker, Dundas asked his name; which, when he heard, he knew, and fell to beating the two horsemen with his whip, ordering the men who accompanied him to carry them to the nearest prison; but the

Quaker entreating him to let him go, he did so after asking their names and dwelling places. The Friend, in telling what Dundas had done for him, said, "Yet I found in him the same spirit that was in the two men who beat me." This touched Dundas, and drew him nearer to Friends, though he could not yet join them. He went to France and settled at Dieppe. A while after, an Englishwoman came there, who with her maid's assistance dispersed through the town some writings of George Fox and William Dewsbury, which had been translated into French, and Dundas translated for her some papers which she had herself written. Now on the First-day* she came with her maid into the Protestant place of worship, among some thousands of people, and standing in a conspicuous place she, just before the service ended, stood up, while her maid took off the mantle and hood which covered her, and she appeared clothed in sackcloth, her hair hanging down, and sprinkled with ashes. She turned then, that all might see her, and both preacher and congregation were struck with consternation.

The two women having knelt and prayed, departed, followed by many, to whom they gave books. Reach-

* "Sunday."

ing their lodging, which was in a Scotchman's house, he refused them entrance. They then came to Dundas, who was ignorant of what had occurred, and telling him that their work in France was now done, and what it had been, they asked for lodging till they departed. He tried, but could find them none; they would not dispossess him of his own room, though he offered it, and as his landlady would not let them spend the night in any of her rooms, they had to stay in an out-house. Next day they were sent to prison, without food, but this Dundas sent them; and some time after, the Parliament at Rouen transported them to England, and had their books and papers burnt in the market place. The people of Dieppe would have punished Dundas had he belonged by name to the Quakers, and they feared besides that if they did so to him, a like fate might attend some of their own merchants in England. Two things however struck his mind forcibly—that the Scotchman who shut out the Quaker women died twelve months after, and that the house of his landlady was burnt to the ground, without any person being able to tell whence the fire came; nor was any other house injured, though this was in the midst of the town; yet he was too weak to call himself a Friend,

though his heart confessed the truth. He went to Rouen, Caen, and Alençon, and finally returned to England, finding no rest till he acknowledged himself to be one of the despised Quakers

CHAPTER XXV.

DAVID BARCLAY of Ury, descended from an ancient and honorable family in Scotland, was born in the year 1610.

In his youth he was a volunteer in the army under Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweeden, in which he rose to the rank of major.

On the breaking out of the civil wars he returned home, and became colonel of a regiment of horse on the side of the king; but on the success of Cromwell in Scotland, he lost his military employments, which he never again resumed.

He was afterwards member in several successive parliaments, for Sutherlandshire, or the shires of Angus and Kincardine, and acquired great influence in the country, especially in his own neighbourhood, by his strenuous and successful efforts, in favour of the

nobility and gentry who had forfeited their estates in the struggles of the time. The last parliament in which he sat was in the year 1656.

After this he gave up all public affairs, and lived in retirement. In the year 1663, he lost his excellent wife, Katharine Gordon, daughter of Sir Robert Gordon, of Gordonstoun. And about the same time (though he had already suffered severely for the cause of King Charles I.) he was, soon after the accession of Charles II., imprisoned in Edinburgh castle. This was supposed to be in consequence of some act under Cromwell, to which he had been a party. He was at length liberated, without anything having been laid to his charge, or reason given for his commitment.

David Barclay had now passed through many vicissitudes, and tasted of prosperity and adversity, and by his general conduct among men, gained the good opinion of most. In his retirement from the world, he had been brought to see the state of his own heart, the uncertainty of all earthly things, and of every condition, from that of the king on his throne, to that of the most destitute person. He observed too, that neither justice nor innocence could protect, nor any good deeds he might have done for others, secure him from envy and persecution. In this perplexity &

mind he thought it was high time for him who had spent so much of his day in the service of others (for he was now more than fifty years of age), to devote the remainder entirely to the service of God.

Considering these things, he looked round earnestly and anxiously to discover what society of Christians he should join; and in all the different persuasions, he observed that each claimed to be the only true Christians, yet they not only differed from, but, when it was in their power, persecuted each other, with the greatest violence.

He concluded that the Christian religion must in itself *be very good*, since all wished to claim it for themselves: yet still that *all* could not be right when they differed so widely from each other. So, he took the New Testament, and studied it deeply, as the only sure way to find the pure religion of Christ, and saw that that religion was "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit;" that it taught us to be humble, patient, self-denying; to endure all things, to suffer all things for Christ's sake, and not to place our happiness or comfort on this world, or the things of it.

While reflecting on these things, he heard of a people called "Quakers," who, though derided for their singularity, bore with much plainness and simplicity

both by their words and deeds, a remarkable testimony against the follies and vanities of the world; and he thought within himself, that if they were what even their enemies acknowledged them to be, there must be something extraordinary about them.

With the greatest earnestness he set about examining into *this way*, which was "everywhere spoken against," and he found that they were a sober self-denying people, who loved each other, who gave up *all* for the sake of the religion they professed, and were content to suffer for it. In short, he considered that their practices and principles came the nearest to what he had read in the New Testament, and thought that if Jesus Christ had followers on earth these were they; so he joined them, and became as eminent for his religious life, as he had formerly been for his bravery. He was greatly strengthened in openly avowing his principles by John Swintoun, a man of note and influence in Scotland, who had been his fellow-prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, and who had heartily embraced the doctrines of the despised Quakers.

Of course this change brought new trials on David Barclay. At Aberdeen the peaceable Quakers were often attacked by people set upon them by the zealots of the day.

None bore these indignities with more calmness than David Barclay. At one time when he was very rudely treated, one of his friends lamented, that he who had been once so honoured, should meet with such harsh usage in his old age; but he replied:

"I find more satisfaction, as well as honour, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when, a few years ago, it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Now you shall have another balled of John Whittier's, which he wrote about this old soldier of Gustavus Adolphus.

BARCLAY OF URY.

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the Kirk and College green,
Rode the Laird of Ury:
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth, and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her masters:
And the begging carline, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broad-swords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and froward:
Quoth the foremost, " Ride him down !
Push him ! prick him ! through the town
Drive the Quaker coward !

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
" Barclay ! Ho ! a Barclay !"
And the old man at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarred and sunburned darkly ;

Who, with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud : " God save us !
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus ?"

" Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord ;
" Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to his holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though he slay me:

Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much their henchman bold
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Woe's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line
And his walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst, we'll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end :"
Quoth the laird of Ury,
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

"Give me joy that in his name
I can bear, with patient frame
All these vain ones offer :
While for them He suffered long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

“ Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
 With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
 With bared heads, to meet me.

“ When each goodwife, o’er and o’er,
Blessed me as I passed her door ;
 And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
 From red fields of slaughter.

“ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving:
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.

“ Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking ;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest,
 For the full day-breaking !”

So the laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
When, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told
Of thy day of trials ;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten way,
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear ;
O'er the rabble's laughter ;
And while hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow ;
After hands shall sow the seed
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the future borrow ;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow !

In the year 1676, David Barclay was again, with several other Friends, imprisoned in the Tolbooth (at Edinburgh) for meeting together at their usual places of worship. Through his son Robert's exertion, he

was released in seven months' time, and after this he lived for the most of his life, quietly on his estate, until he was about seventy-six, when a fever attacked him, and he died in about a fortnight. His last words were,—

“Praises, praises, praises to the Lord! let now thy servant depart in peace, into thy hands, oh Father, I commit my soul, thy will, oh Lord, be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.” Thus, with his family around him, he quietly entered into eternal rest.

Robert Barclay, his son, having first been educated at the best schools in Scotland, was then sent to the care of his uncle, Robert Barclay, Rector of the Scots' College at Paris. Here he gained the praise of the masters, by attention to his studies: and became so great a favorite with his uncle, that he wished to keep him in France, and make him his heir. But at his mother's dying request, the young man was summoned home and found his father a Quaker. He began himself to attend their meetings, of which he says:—

“When I came into the silent assemblies of God's people, I felt a secret power amongst them which touched my heart; and as I gave way to it, I found the evil weakening in me, and the good raised up; and so I became thus knit and united unto them, hungex-

ing more and more after the increase of this power and life.

And when Robert Barclay did become a Friend, he was very zealous, and so skilful in school-learning that he could well encounter the learned with their own weapons. Of quick apprehension, yet meek in his disposition, and so captivating in his manners as to please all who knew him. But though his natural abilities were great enough to have made him surpass many in learning, and to make him famous among men, his only aim was to advance in true godliness.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM PENN is said to have stood in England second only to Blake himself, as a great sea captain. Cromwell himself acknowledged this fact, and that at Blake's death, there were none to be compared to Admiral Penn, who was then but thirty-six years of age.

He had educated his son William with great care, both at home, and at the University of Oxford; while there, the young man heard the Quakers' doctrine preached by Thomas Loe, and it so attracted him, that he and several of his companions returned again and again to hear him. This alarmed their superiors, who brought them all up and fined them, which caused them to rebel openly; for this, Penn was expelled the University, to the great grief and anger of his father; who at first would scarcely see or speak to him. Then observing his serious and silent state of mind, he

thought of dispelling it by sending him to Paris. He went, with several of his college friends, "was* presented to Louis XIV., and was a frequent and welcome guest at court. There he made the acquaintance of Robert Spencer, son of the first Earl of Sunderland, and Lady Dorothy Sidney (sister of the famous Algernon Sidney), and of several other persons of distinction in the fashionable circles of Paris and Versailles. In this brilliant society he soon forgot the austere gravity of his demeanor. Not many details of his life at this period are preserved; but the little that is known is characteristic. Returning late one night from a party, he was accosted in the dark street by a man who shouted to him in an angry tone to draw and defend himself. At the same moment a sword gleamed past his eyes. The fellow would not listen to reason. Penn, he said, had treated him with contempt. He had bowed his head and taken off his hat in civil salutation,—his courtesy had been slighted, and he would have satisfaction made to his wounded honour. In vain the young Englishman protested he had not seen him,—that he could have no motive for offering such an insult to a stranger. The more he shewed the absurdity

* This and most of what follows is taken from Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Penn.*

of the quarrel, the more enraged his assailant grew: he would say no more—his only answer was a pass with the rapier. The blood of the youth was stirred; and whipping his sword from its scabbard, he stood to the attack. There was but little light; yet several persons were attracted by the clash of steel, and a number of roysterers gathered around to see fair play and decide upon any points of honour which might be raised. A few passes proved that Penn was the more expert swordsman; and a dexterous movement left the French gallant unarmed and at his mercy. The company rather expected him to finish his man, as they said he had a right to do, by the laws of honour; but he took a different view of the case, and returned the captured sword with a polite bow to the owner. It is pretty clear, from such an incident, that Penn was more of a cavalier than a Quaker at this part of his life."

From Paris he went, by his father's wishes, to Saumur, and placed himself under the care of the learned Moses Amyrault, professor of Divinity, and one of the ablest men in the reformed churches of France.

"When his father recalled him, the change in his manners and appearance threw the polite world into a state of wonderment. Two years before he had gone away a moody, silent boy, whose whim it was to shun

gay society and to consort with a set of strange, fanatic men. He came back a fine gentleman. Like the fashionable young men he had travelled with, he wore pantaloons, and carried his rapier in the French mode. He had the graceful carriage, the easy and self-possessed manners of the best bred men of the world. Both the king and his royal brother noticed him,—and he stepped into his place at court with ease and dignity. With the ladies he was an especial favorite.

“In his person he had grown from a slight and unformed youth, into a graceful and handsome man. Tall and well set, his figure promised physical strength and hardihood of constitution. His face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty; his eye soft and full; his brow open and ample; his features well defined, and approaching to the ideal Greek in contour; the lines about his mouth were exquisitely sweet, and yet resolute in expression. Like Milton, he wore his hair long, and parted in the centre of the forehead, from which it fell on his back, neck and shoulders, in massive natural ringlets. In mien and manners he seemed formed by nature and stamped by art—a gentleman. The admiral, delighted with his own success, took care to avoid all reference to the past. To prevent the

slightest wish of a return to his old companions, and his old thoughts, he kept him incessantly occupied. He carried him to the gallery at Whitehall,—presented him to great persons,—made him pay visits. He entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, that he might acquire some knowledge of his country's laws; and to allow him no leisure to indulge in idle fancies, he employed him on the king's business, and in his own private affairs. There seemed little fear that he would again go away; at least so thought his worldly-minded father.

“ And now had the crisis of the Dutch war arrived. William Penn was on his father's staff, and saw some smart service between the Dutch and English commanders; but at the end of three weeks he was sent on shore with dispatches for the king. On the 23rd of April he landed at Harwich about one o'clock, but as it was Sunday there was some difficulty in obtaining horses, and he lost two hours before he succeeded in procuring them, when he posted off, and riding all night arrived at Whitehall before daylight. Not finding the king up, he sent a message by Lord Arlington that he had brought news from the Duke of York, on hearing which, Charles leaped out of bed and ran into the ante-room.—‘Oh, its you!’ said the king; ‘and

how is Sir William?' He read the letters, and chatted with the bearer more than half an hour, when seeing that he was fatigued with his night's ride, he told him to go home and get to bed.

"Penn returned to his legal studies, and continued at them till June, when the decisive battle was fought and won—the battle which struck down once more the naval pride of Holland, and won for the admiral, the greatest rewards his sovereign had to bestow,—and the plague broke out in London and compelled him to change his place of residence. The plague undid in a few weeks the work of years. The living fell down in the streets, stricken dead in a moment. Ten thousand deaths were reported in a single day. The rich fled away to a distance. The poor shut themselves up in their houses and hardly ventured forth in search of food. The fear of death was in all hearts; and the shock revived the old religious fervour of the young law student—and completely swept away the courtly refinements in which his father delighted to see him excel. And when the admiral returned, he was surprised and mortified to see the change which a few weeks had wrought. His son, grave and silent, had left off French, ceased to attend at court, and paid few visits, occupying most of his time in his closet, with

masters of controversial theology, and a few serious friends.

“His father, to break off this again, thought of sending him to Ireland, where he owned property. At this time the Duke of Ormond, with whose family Admiral Penn was on terms of intimate friendship, was viceroy of Ireland, and his court was renowned as one of the most refined and cultivated in Europe. The grey-headed old nobleman himself was possessed of an upright mind, a cheerful temper, and polished manners: he knew the value of wit and ease, but he never sacrificed them to intellect and virtue. About his own person he had gathered all the worth and beauty of the country over which he ruled; and his court was remarkable for its gaiety and correctness; the purity of its morals, and the brilliancy of its fashion. In such a circle the admiral wisely thought his son would lose his gloom: whereas, his remaining near the court at Whitehall, which, swarmed with idlers and knaves, would only cause him to be more grave and serious.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

WILLIAM PENN was warmly received by his father's friends. The Duke of Ormonde introduced him to his second son, Lord Arran (the eldest being absent), who was charmed with the young courtier: and soon the accounts sent home, assured the admiral that this course had been wisely taken. The Ormondes were a family of soldiers, and everything relating to war occupied the thoughts of young Arran and his companions. There was an insurrection of the soldiers at Carrickfergus, to repel which Lord Arran was sent, and Penn offered to serve as a volunteer under his friend, which offer was accepted, and he greatly distinguished himself. Lord Arran was in ecstasies, and he further wrote to the admiral, praising William Penn, and proposing that he should join the army, and have a company of foot, as had been agreed between them before the young man's

return from France William Penn himself urged it too—but the admiral would not consent, and his son acceded with regret: but that he might have some remembrance of it, he had his likeness painted in his military costume. Is it not curious, that the only true portrait of this great apostle of peace, shows him armed and accoutred as a soldier.

And now his father caused him to revisit London to make some arrangements about the Shangarry estates in the county of Cork, which had been granted to the admiral. This being concluded, he sent his son away from London, that he might not again meet his Quaker friends, and sent him back to Ireland, when he went to reside at Shangarry Castle. When he had been here a few months, it happened during one of his visits to Cork, that he heard that Thomas Loe, his Quaker acquaintance in Oxford, was to preach that night. He thought of his former ideas, and wondered what he would now think of them. He stayed to listen. The text was “there is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the world.” The topic was suited to his situation; he listened, and left the meeting a Quaker in heart. And now he began to attend their meetings: on the 3rd of 9th month, 1667, at Cork, a company of soldiers broke in, made the whole

congregation prisoners, and carried them before the mayor, on a charge of riot and tumultuous assembling. Seeing William Penn, the lord of Shangarry Castle and an intimate friend of the Viceroy, among the prisoners, the magistrate wished to set him free, on simply giving his word to keep the peace, but not knowing that he had transgressed any law, he refused to enter into terms, and so was sent to gaol with the rest. From the prison he wrote to his friend the Earl of Ossory—Lord President of Munster, giving an account of his arrest and detention. An order, of course, was sent to the mayor for his immediate discharge; but everybody now knew that William Penn had become a Quaker. His friends at the Viceregal Court were greatly distressed at it; the Earl wrote to tell the Admiral, who, with his family were thunderstruck: he was recalled to London, where after an explanation his father turned him out of doors: and though he was allowed to return again in a few months, yet his father would not speak to him.

He was imprisoned for eight months and sixteen days in the Tower, for his Quaker opinions, and while there he wrote several books. The manliness of his conduct during this time won back in part his father's love: he even visited and talked with him in the dungeon, and exerted his influence to get him liberated, which at last *was accomplished.*

In the year 1670, in the month of August, the Quakers coming one day to their meeting-house in Gracechurch-street, found it closed, and the doors guarded by a company of soldiers. By degrees they increased in number, and, as they could not enter, William Penn began to address them. At once the constables arrested him and Captain William Mead, who had been a soldier of the Commonwealth, and imprisoned them both. On the 1st of September, when they were brought up to answer the charges against them, the jury could not agree with the judge's opinion, that a Quakers' meeting was an unlawful assembly, though both judge and court menaced them again and again, and they were locked up several times, during which they suffered from cold and hunger: they kept firm and acquitted the prisoners. The recorder said angrily, "I never till now understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the Inquisition to be brought among them; and it will never be well for us till something like it is introduced into England; your verdict is nothing," he said to the jury, "you play on the court; I say you shall bring in another verdict or starve, and I will have you carted about the city, as in Edward the Fourth's time." His threats were all in vain: and so the recorder fined each

juror forty marks for contempt and perverseness, and, when they refused to pay, imprisoned them all, as well as William Penn, whom they had acquitted.

By William Penn's advice, Bushel, that one of the jurors who had stood firmest against the tyranny exercised over them, brought an action against the lord mayor and recorder for false imprisonment, the result of this trial was triumphant. The twelve judges declared the fine and imprisonment illegal.

Edward Bushel and his fellow-prisoners were ordered to be set at liberty in the open court: and the judges came to a decision which has been of the greatest importance ever since, namely: "*That a jury in the discharge of their duty, are responsible for their verdict only to God and their consciences.*"*

* Creasy on the British Constitution.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN the year 1669, at Bristol, George Fox married Margaret, Judge Fell's widow. A week after they parted, she returning to Swarthmore, and he travelling about to preach. In the next year, when she intended to have met him in Leicestershire, she was arrested in her own house, and sent to prison upon the old præmunire, which had been executed five years before, and from which, last year, the king and council had discharged her. George Fox persuaded her two daughters to go to the king, and complain of it, which they did, though many difficulties were thrown in their way. The king gave command to release her, which was accordingly done, but not till the year 1671, and after great exertions on her husband's part. This being ended, he bade her fare-

well for a time, and set off to America, where he travelled for a year, and then returning to Bristol, met there his wife and her sons-in-law. They went up to London, and thence to Worcester, where, after a time, he and Thomas Lower (one of the sons-in-law) were put into gaol for holding a meeting in a parlour at Armscot, near that place. In the year 1674 they were brought up for trial in the court at Worcester, when the justices made George Fox give an account of his travels, to which they answered—"your account is very innocent, Mr. Fox, but that we may be satisfied of its truth, will you take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy?" Now George Fox, who saw that they wanted to ensnare him, said, "You know that I and my friends will not take any oath; I never took an oath in my life, but I have been always true to the Government. I was cast into the dungeon at Derby for six months, because I would not take up arms against King Charles at Worcester fight: and for going to meetings I was taken up at Leicester, and brought before Oliver Cromwell as a plotter against King Charles; and ye know in your own consciences that we, the people called Quakers, cannot take an oath, or swear in any case, because Christ hath forbidden it; but I can, and do say, that I own and acknowledge

the king to be the true successor to the realm of England, and that I abhor all plots against him, having nothing towards him but love and good will; and for the oath of supremacy, I deny the Pope and his power, abhorring it with my heart." While he yet spoke they handed him the Bible: "that book," he said, "says, swear not at all." But they hurried him away to gaol, whence, after the sessions was over, he was sent up to London, tried again, sent back to Worcester, and then fined till the next quarter sessions. His mother died during these trials, and without seeing him, though she longed to do so. He was weak and ill himself (being again imprisoned), and though his wife came to London about it, it was long after that he was set at liberty.

In the year 1667, George Fox, William Penn, Robert Barclay, and others, went over to Holland, and thence William Penn and Robert Barclay went to Herford, a town on the frontiers of Paderborn, to visit the Princess Elizabeth of the Palatinate. Having had a meeting with her and the Countess of Hornes, the Princess asked William Penn to hold one with the servants of the palace, from which she absented herself, that her servants might feel more liberty. Then she so earnestly invited the Friends to sup with her, that they

could not refuse. There was with her a French lady of rank, who had thought very little of Quakers before this, but was now so much touched, that she was very kind and respectful to both William Penn and Robert Barclay. The next day was Sunday, and the Princess wished to have another meeting, to which she allowed admission, not only for her own household, but also for as many of the town's people as would come. It was a large assembly, and when it broke up, the Princess came to William Penn, and taking his hand, spoke of the sense she had of the power and presence of God that had been among them, adding, as she laid her hand on her breast, "I cannot speak to you, my heart is full." This affected William Penn much, yet he spoke a few words of admonition to her, and then they parted, she pressing them to return again. Robert Barclay went home by Amsterdam, and William Penn went to Frankfort, Chrisheim, and other places, till he came to Embden. At Chrisheim, while he preached in a Friend's meeting, the Vaught or chief officer stood outside listening, and liking what he heard, said to the parson, "It is your work, if the Quakers are heretics, to find them to be so, but for my part I have heard only what was good, and so I will not meddle with them." From Embden, William Penn again went

to Herford, where the Princess Elizabeth received him gladly, as did also the Countess of Hornes. He returned thence to England by Amsterdam.

At Amsterdam he met George Fox, who had been travelling in Germany all this while, and at Wiewert met Anna Maria Schurman, who gave him an account of her life; saying, that though from a child God had at times visited her, yet she never received such a powerful stroke as from the ministry of John de Labadie, when she saw her learning to be vanity, and her religion a body of death; so she resolved to forsake all, and join this little family who lived retired from the world. In the year 1686, the magistrates of Embden gave Friends liberty to settle in their town, and so ended the persecution from which they had for some years suffered.

This caused great joy to the Friends in London, which was increased by King James putting an end, so far as he was able, to religious persecutions everywhere.

CHAPTER XXIX.

T the time of Admiral Penn's death, the English Government owed him a considerable sum of money for his services; for this, several years after, the Government gave to his son William a grant of land in America, with a patent under the Great Seal. The land was in length about 300 miles, in breadth about 160; it contained no less than 47,000 square miles of surface. In addition to this, he afterward received, what was then called the Territories, but it is now the state of Delaware, and which had been partly colonised by some Swedes and Dutch several years before. It was covered with dense forests, and extended prairies. The native Indians hunted the elk and wild boar over its great plains, or danced the war dance and smoked the pipe of peace beneath the shade of its majestic oaks.* The native red men of the southern part of this province were a

* Hepworth Dixon's Life of Penn.

branch of the Lenni Lenapé; in the northern parts were the Iroquois. At the time the grant was given Penn proposed to call the land New Wales, because it was so mountainous, but Secretary Blathwayte, a Welshman, objected to have the Quaker country named after his native land. William Penn then proposed Sylvania, because of its magnificent forests, and to this King Charles himself prefixed Penn, in honour of the great Admiral. Was it not a beautiful name? "The forest land of Penn."

He sent out his cousin, Colonel Markham, to take possession of the province, to see and cultivate a friendly feeling with the Indian kings, who lived near the Delaware, and to search out a convenient spot of ground to build a governor's mansion. Markham was bold, resolute, devoted to Penn, and when he arrived he set about his task with equal zeal and discretion, met the native Sachems in counsel, and bought from them an ancient royalty on the Delaware, not many miles below the falls of Trenton. This being paid for, and everything settled, he proceeded to lay out the ground and commence the buildings of Pennsbury.

It would take too long to tell you here how William

Penn made a civilized state of his new possessions; he went out there himself; his first voyage was a fearful one, for the small-pox accompanied them, and nearly every one in the ship was sick; think how glad they were to see the green trees on the shores of the New World, after the horrors of that sickness. I must copy here for you a fine description of the first landing of the Governor of Pennsylvania, on the 27th of October, 1682.

His landing made a general holiday in the town (of Newcastle) young and old, Welsh, Dutch, English, Swedes, and Germans, crowded down to the landing place, each eager to catch a glimpse of the great man who had come amongst them, less as their lord and governor than as their friend. In the centre of the foreground, only distinguished from the few companions of his voyage who have yet landed, by the nobleness of his mien, and a light blue silken sash tied round his waist, stands William Penn; erect in stature, every motion indicating courtly grace, his countenance lighted up with hope and honest pride,—in every limb and feature the expression of a serene and manly beauty. The young officer before him, dressed in the gay costume of the English service, is his lieutenant, Markham, come to welcome his relative to the new

land, and to give an account of his own stewardship. On the right stand the chief settlers of the district, arrayed in their national costumes, the light hair and quick eye of the Swede, finding a good foil in the solid looks of the hairy Dutchman, who doffs his cap, but doubts whether he shall take the pipe out of his mouth, even to say welcome to the new governor. A little apart, as if studying with the intense eagerness of Indian skill, the physiognomy of the ruler who has come with his children to occupy their hunting grounds, stands the wise and noble leader of the Red Men, Tamiment, and a party of the Lenni Lenapé in their picturesque paints and costume. Behind the central figure are grouped the principal companions of his voyage: and on the dancing waters of the Delaware rides the stately ship, while between her and the shore, a multitude of light canoes dart to and fro, bringing the passengers and merchandise to land. Part of the background shows an irregular line of streets and houses, the latter with the pointed roofs and fantastic gables which still delight the artist's eye in the streets of Leyden or Rotterdam; and further on, the view is lost in one of those grand old pine and cedar forests which belong essentially to an American scene.*

* Hepworth Dixon's *Life of Penn.*

Next day, at an assembly in the Dutch Court House, the formalities of taking possession were gone through, to the satisfaction of all present. William Penn addressed them, spoke of the reason for his coming, the great idea he had from his youth up, his desire to found a free and virtuous state, and his wish to exercise his authority only for the general good. His whole speech delighted and surprised the people, who felt that a new era had dawned with the landing of the English governor. Their only answer was a request that he would reign over them in person; and they besought him to annex their territory to Pennsylvania, that they might have one country, one parliament, one ruler. He promised to consider it, and took his leave of them, and went to visit Pennsylvania. While here, he had the plan laid down for Philadelphia, a plan which he had formed in his own mind, and by which the city should have covered twelve square miles. Two noble streets, one of them facing an unrivalled row of red pines, were to front the river, from the banks of which, a great public road alone separated them. These streets were to be connected by the High-street, a magnificent avenue, perfectly straight, and a hundred feet in width, to be adorned with lines of trees and gardens surrounding the houses. He

encouraged the building of detached houses, with rustic porches and trailing plants about them; his desire being to see Philadelphia "a greene country towne." While he remained there he used to spend much time with the Indians, walking into the forest alone with them, sitting on the ground to watch their dances and exercises: leaping with them, in which exercise he beat them all, to their great admiration. On the banks of the Delaware, near Philadelphia, was a fine natural amphitheatre, used from time immemorial as a place of meeting for the native tribes, it was called Sakimaxing, which means "the locality of kings." At this spot stood a grand old elm. One hundred and fifty-five years had it stood there, and shaded from time to time those friendly natives who had met there to smoke the calumet of peace.*

* Hepworth Dixon's Life of Penn.

CHAPTER XXX.

HERE is another picture. There the dense masses of cedar, pine, and chesnut, stretching far away into the interior of the land; here the noble river rolling its waters down to the Atlantic Ocean—along its surface rose the purple smoke of the settlers' homesteads, on the opposite shores lay the fertile and settled country of East New Jersey. Here stood the gigantic elm which was to become immortal from that day forward, and there lay the verdant council-chamber, formed by nature on the surface of the soil. In the centre stood William Penn; in costume undistinguished from the surrounding group, save by the silken sash. His costume was simple, but not pedantic or ungainly. An outer coat, reaching to the knees and covered with buttons; a vest of other materials, but equally ample; trousers extremely full, slashed at the sides, and tied with strings or ribbons; a profusion of shirt sleeves and ruffles,—with a hat of

the cavalier shape (wanting only the feather), from beneath the brim of which escaped the curls of a new peruke. At his right hand stood Colonel Markham, who had met the Indians in council more than once on that identical spot, and was regarded by them as a firm and faithful friend; on his left, Pearson, the intrepid companion of his voyage; and near his person, but a little backward, a band of his most attached adherents. When the Indians approached, in their old forest costume, their bright feathers sparkling in the sun, and their bodies painted in the most gorgeous manner, the Governor received them with the easy dignity of one accustomed to mix with European courts. As soon as the reception was over, the sachems retired to a short distance, and after a brief consultation among themselves, Taminent, the chief sachem, or king, a man whose virtues are still remembered by the sons of the forest, advanced again a few paces, and put upon his own head a chaplet, into which was twisted a small horn; this chaplet was his symbol of power; and, in the customs of the Lenni Lenapé, whenever the chief put it upon his brows, the spot became at once sacred, and the person of every one inviolable. The venerable Indian king then seated himself on the ground, with the older sachems on his right and left; the middle-aged

warriors ranged themselves in the form of a crescent or half moon round them; and the younger men formed a third, and outer semicircle. All being seated in this picturesque and striking order, the old monarch announced to the Governor that the nations were prepared to hear and consider his words. Penn then rose to address them, his countenance beaming with all the pride of manhood. He was at this time thirty-eight years old; light and graceful in form; "the handsomest, best looking, most lively gentleman" she had ever seen, wrote a lady who was an eye-witness of the ceremony. He addressed them in their own language; the topics were few and simple; and the beauty of his ideas would compensate, with such an audience, for any fault in his speaking.

"The Great Spirit," he said, "who rules in the Heaven to which good men go after death, who had made them and him out of nothing, and who knew every secret thought that was in the heart of white man or red man, knew that he and his children had a strong desire to live in peace, to be their friends, to do no wrong, but to serve them in every way to the extent of their power. As the Great Spirit was the common Father of all, he wished them to live together, not merely as brothers, as the children of one common parent, but as

if they were joined with one head, one heart, one body together; that if ill was done to one, all would suffer; if good was done to any, all would gain. He and his children," he went on to say, "never used the rifle, or trusted to the sword; they met on the broad path of good faith and free-will; they intended to do no harm, and they had no fear in their hearts; they believed that their brothers of the red race were just, and they were prepared to trust to their friendship." He then unfolded to them the writing of the treaty of friendship, and explained its clauses one after the other. It recited that from that day the children of Onas* and the nations of the Lenni Lenapé should be brothers to each other; that all paths should be free and open; that the doors of the white men should be open to the red men, and the doors of the red men should be open to the white men; that the children of Onas should not believe any false reports of the Lenni Lenapé, nor the Lenni Lenapé of the children of Onas, but should come and see for themselves, as brothers to brothers, and bury such false reports in the bottomless pit; that if the Christians should hear of anything likely to be of hurt to the Indians, or the Indians hear of anything

* The Indian's name for William Penn.

likely to harm the Christians, they should run, like true friends, to let the other know; that if any son of Onas were to do any harm to any red skin, or any red skin were to do harm to a son of Onas, the sufferer should not offer to right himself, but should complain to the chiefs and to Onas, that justice might be declared by twelve honest men, and the wrong buried in a pit with no bottom; that the Lenni Lenapé should assist the children of Onas, against all such as would disturb them or do them hurt; and lastly, that both Christians and Indians should tell their children of this league and claim of friendship, that it should grow stronger and stronger, and be kept bright and clear, without rust or spot, while the water ran down the creeks and rivers, and while the sun and moon and stars endured."

He then laid the scroll on the ground. What King Taminent replied is not known, except that in substance he was favourable to the views of Penn. The sachems received his proposal with gravity, and accepted it for themselves and their children. No oaths, no seals, no official mummeries were used; the treaty was ratified on both sides with a "yea" "yea"—"the only one," says Voltaire, "that the world has known, never sworn to and never broken."*

* Dixon's Life of Penn.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FROM year to year the sachems assembled their children in the woods, in a shady spot, as like as they could find to that in which the great Onas had conferred with them, where they would spread out his words or speeches on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and repeat the whole again and again, to their great satisfaction. In a few years, Penn going beyond the seas, and never returning, became to them a sort of mythical personage; they not only held his memory in the greatest veneration, but treated the whole body of white men with more kindness for his sake. To be a follower of Onas was at all times a passport to their protection and hospitality.

To William Penn's great treaty, and to the strictness with which he maintained its provisions; is owing that striking fact recorded by Bancroft, that while every

colony in the new world was visited in turns by the horrors of Indian warfare, no drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by a red man in Pennsylvania.

Forty years after this famous treaty, and five after the death of Onas, one of his unworthy people murdered the first red man who lost his life in Pennsylvania ; but look how noble the Indians were—they prayed that the murderer's life might be spared : and so it was, but he died in a very short time ; and then they said, " the Great Spirit has avenged our brother."

The great elm tree stood till the year 1810, when a great storm blew it down. It measured twenty-four feet in girth, and was found to be then 283 years old. A piece of it was sent to England to the Penn family, who mounted it on a pedestal ; and the remainder was manufactured into vases, workstands, and other relics.

A granite monument now marks the spot where the old tree stood.

In the year 1685 William Penn received letters from England which made him return thither. His wife Gulielma was very ill, his friend Algernon Sidney had perished on the block, and there were other calamities which caused him to see that he ought to be at home,

* Dixon's Life of Penn.

so he bade farewell to all, saying, that if he lived he intended to see them again; and reaching home he found his wife recovered, and his children well.

Once again he crossed the ocean to see his new territory. His first wife, Lady Springett's daughter, had died, and her eldest son had sunk into decline. His second wife and her family accompanied him to Pennsbury, his beautiful residence on the Delaware, the house, fitted up inside with English oak, and the garden were the wonder of the colony for their size and beauty. He had brought from England and Scotland the most skilful gardeners, and spared neither expense nor trouble; foreign trees and shrubs and plants were brought there, and the grand old forest trees were carefully preserved.*

You may read a very interesting account of this house and its beautiful grounds, as well as of the Governor himself in the book from which I have taken nearly all this story of him: and which I am sure, too, that you will like very much. There is also a touching and beautiful narrative of his last days, which were spent in England: he died peacefully in the year 1718 at Ruscombe in Berkshire.

* Dixon's Life of Penn.

CHAPTER XXXII.

FTER all this pleasant history, we turn back to a time of persecution which was very sore in Bristol in the year 1683, so that Friends were beaten, stoned, and sometimes even dragged away by the hair, to prison; where they were packed so closely as to be almost suffocated. One poor old man named Richard Lindy, who was ninety years of age, was obliged to spend three nights in a chair, and though several Friends offered to pay for a place for him to lie down in, the cruel gaoler refused; nor would he let the other prisoners gain what would pay for their support. But God punished his cruelty, for he fell sick; and a terrible anguish of mind seized him; he begged some of the Friends to forgive him, and pray for him, which they did, and advised that he too should try to ask pardon of God. His misery of soul increasing, physicians

visited him, but he said they could do him no good, his day was over, and there was no hope of mercy for him. Some of the Friends said, that as he so fully felt his sin and his lost condition, that perhaps a place of repentance might yet be found for him by the Lord. "I thank you," he said, "but I have no faith to believe—faith is the gift of God, my day is over, there is no help for me." Thus, and with this misery gnawing at his heart, the unhappy man died.

There was a Quaker preacher named William Bayly who died at sea. He had been a Baptist preacher, had read the mystical books of Jacob Behmen, and many others, but found no peace in his heart till he became a Friend. He was returning from the West Indies to London in the ship Samuel, when he felt that he was dying, and calling the captain he bade him give his love to his wife and children, since he should see them here no more: "I should have liked," he said, "to see them and my friends in London again, but I go to my Father, and their Father; death is nothing to me, for the sting of death is sin, and He hath taken that away. Shall I lay down my head on the waters? God is God of the whole universe, and though my body sink, yet shall I swim above the waters." Filled with heavenly joy, he began to sing, and about four in the morning

departed, as if he were falling asleep. His wife was the same Mary Bayly, who had so fearlessly visited the Sultan in his camp at Adrianople.

William Dewsbury had been a soldier in the civil wars, till he knew that Christ's servants should not fight, when he left the army, and became a preacher of the Gospel. He spent nineteen years in Warwick gaol, besides having been imprisoned both at York and Northampton. His father died when he was only eight years old, and while the child wept his loss, he heard a voice say, "Weep for thyself for thy father is well." This had such a powerful effect on his mind, that he spent many an hour in prayer and fasting. Like David, his "soul was athirst for God," and his cry, "when shall I come and appear before God,"—and in time the Lord came to him, and made him his servant, and he became a powerful minister, turning many souls to Christ.

In the year 1691 died George Fox, in London, in the 67th year of his age: Thomas Ellwood writes thus of him:

"He was indeed a heavenly minded man, zealous for the name of the Lord, and preferred the honour of God before all things. He was valiant for the Truth, bold in asserting it, patient in suffering for it, unwearied in

labouring for it, steady in his testimony to it, immoveable as a rock. Deep he was in divine knowledge, clear in opening heavenly mysteries, plain and powerful in preaching, fervent in prayer. Very tender and compassionate he was to all that were in affliction; full of brotherly love, and of fatherly care, easy to forgive injuries, and zealous for the peace and prosperity of the Church."

This Thomas Ellwood had himself become a Quaker. He was a great friend of Lady Springett, whose daughter Gulielma was married to William Penn, and who herself married Isaac Pennington. He had been convinced by George Fox's preaching, and so became a Friend, and continuing steadfast for the space of many years through trials and imprisonments, in the end died peacefully at his house near Goodnestone in Kent.

And Thomas Ellwood was the intimate friend of our great poet John Milton, who lived for a time near him at Chalfont in Buckinghamshire, at which place the Penningtons also resided.

It was Thomas Ellwood who first suggested to Milton the idea of *Paradise Regained*; for having seen and read a copy of *Paradise Lost*, he said to the author,

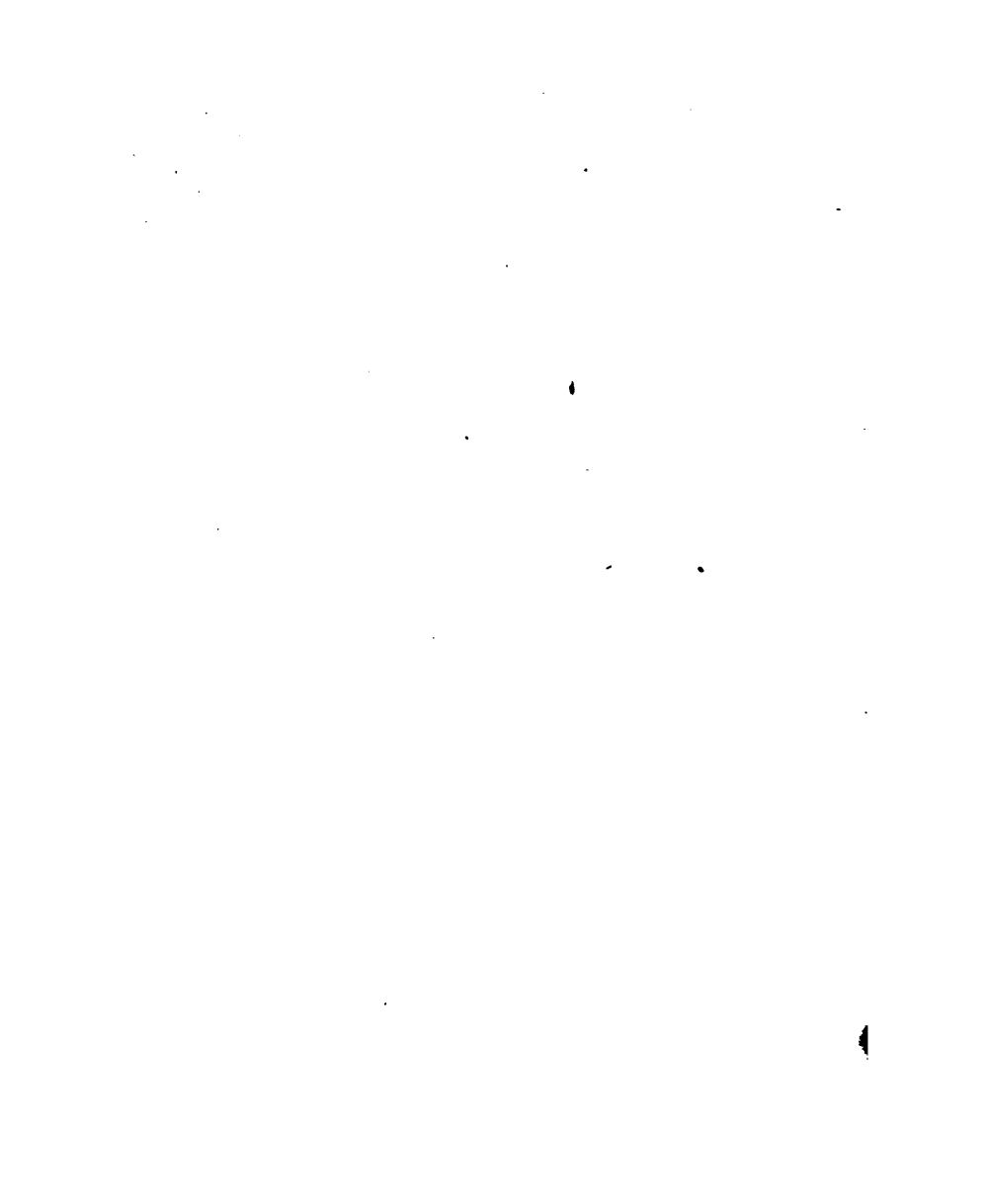
"Thou hast said a great deal upon *Paradise lost*, what hast thou to say on *Paradise found*?"

And when, two years afterwards, the poem was completed, Milton showed it to Thomas Ellwood, saying,

“ This is owing to you ; you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfont, which otherwise I had not thought of.”

And now I have come to the end of my history for the present, though truly there are many persons whom I have not even mentioned ; but perhaps my little book may have interested you enough to make you go into the library, and take down and study for yourself the ancient folio volume of “ Sewell's History of the Quakers.”

THE END.



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